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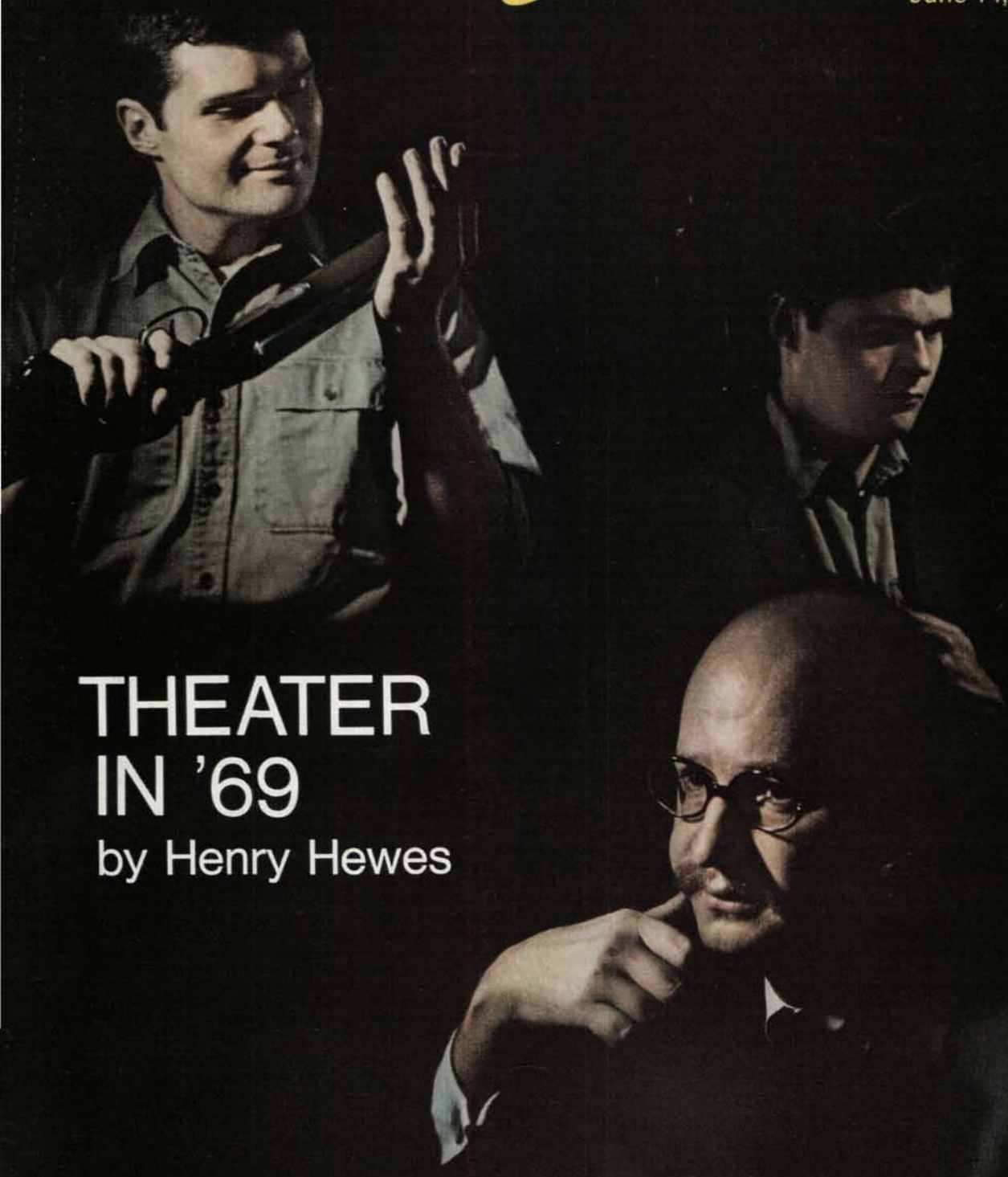
Saturday Review

June 14, 1969 50¢



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by Henry Hewes

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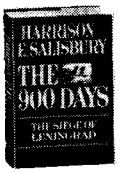

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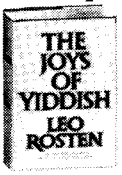

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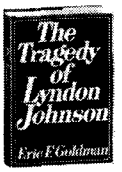

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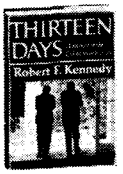

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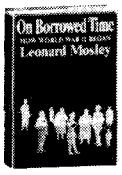

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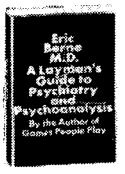

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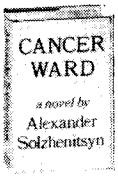

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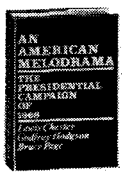

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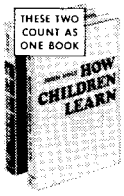

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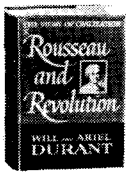

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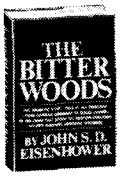

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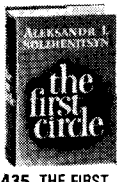

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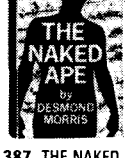

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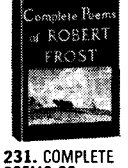

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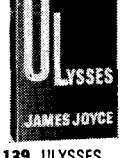

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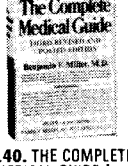

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by Henry Hewes

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Photo of actor Fred Willard and playwright Jules Feiffer by Antony di Gesu.

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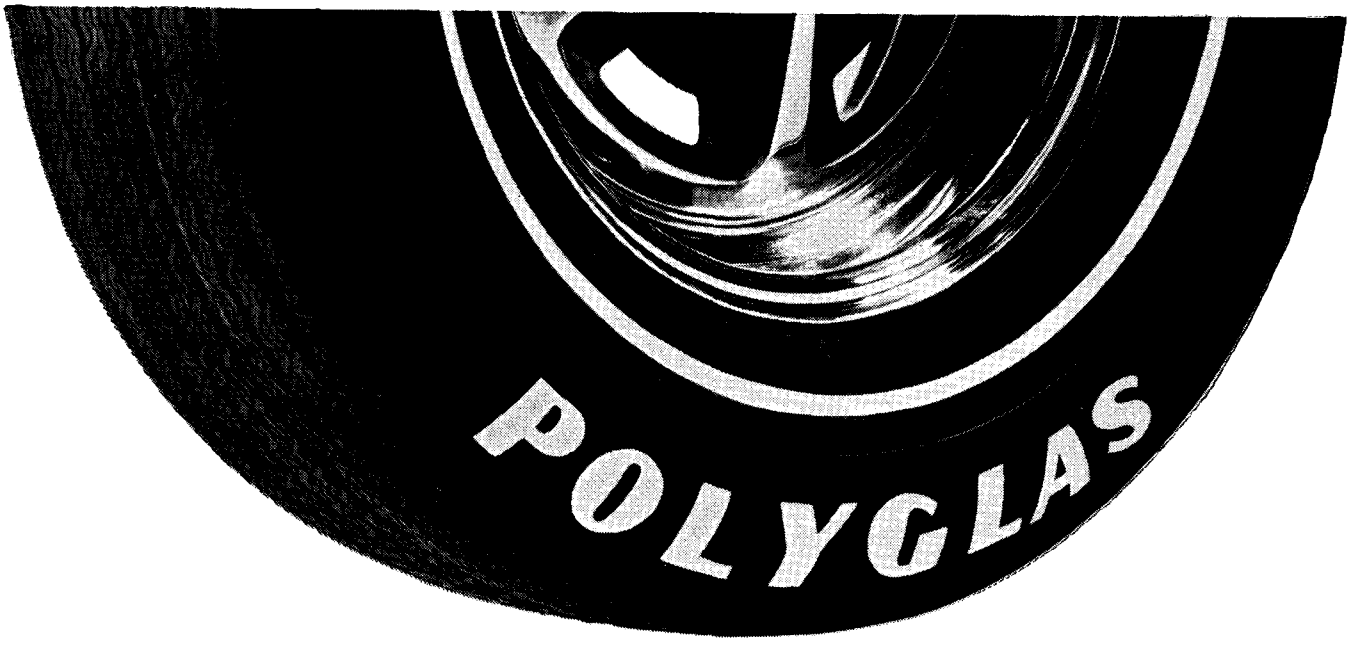

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Why Did Eve?

Why did Eve eat that apple?

Her artless world was calm,
The air was sweet
Fig trees grew voluptuous
Figs to eat.

Eve was not embalmed
In women's meetings;
She had no Adam worries,
No transcendental in-laws
Or temperamental bank balance.
Not one car pool.

So why did Eve eat that apple?

Would Eve have touched that apple
Where the serpent curled
Had she not abhorred
The boredom of her world?

—ADELINE FIXMAN.

Ugh!—If You Know What I Mean

IT'S A PRETTY depressing state of affairs when our best lexicographers help us understand comic-book dialogue but leave us in the dark about a word used by Robert Browning.

If you want to know what Li'l Abner means when he exclaims "Oops!" or "Hee-hee!" or "Pew!" or "Wow!" or "Zowie!" you can look it up along with "amphibrach" or "syzygy" in dictionaries put out by, say, Random House or G. & C. Merriam. Pew, for example, is "used to express contempt or discomfort (as at an odor)," while wow is "an exclamation of pleasure, surprise, or strong feeling," and oops gives voice to "mild apology, surprise, or dismay (as when one drops an object or makes a faux pas)." In case you didn't know.

But when Browning (wow!) writes about an envious monk muttering to himself in a Spanish cloister, and the monk starts off "G-r-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!" and ends up "G-r-r-r—you swine!"—what does he mean, "grrr"? Neither *Random House* nor *Merriam* gives us even a hint. Which prompts me to exclaim: "Huh!" ("surprise, disbelief, or disgust": *Merriam*) or "Oy!" ("dismay, pain, annoyance, grief, etc.": *Random House*; totally ignored by *Merriam*). Don't try to tell me that Browning was any less meticulous in his search for *le mot juste* in this poem than elsewhere. He knew, as well as Merriam's interjection expert, that "faugh" is used to express "contempt, disgust, or abhorrence" and "phooey" to express "repudiation or disgust"; yet, he rejected both "Faugh —there go, my heart's abhorrence!" and "Phooey — you pig!" Why won't our lexicographers commit themselves about the meaning of grrr? I'll give them a little hint: I think it's an antonym of "zowie," which, according to *Merriam*, is "used to express astonishment and often admiration over something sudden or speedy; used also to express enthusiasm or delight."

Not that there aren't other blind spots in both dictionaries. Uh—I mean, aw—let's see, now . . . well, there's one right there. "Aw" is in; "uh" is out. There's also a conspiracy of silence about "arf," "awk," "eeh," "eek," "ooh," and "pst," though I don't see how you could follow much comic-book dialogue without knowing what they mean. A spy who comes in out of extreme cold saying "Brrr!" might just as well keep his mouth shut, as far as both authorities are concerned. He's better off if he finds the air stuffy indoors, because then he can use "phew" —"to express discomfort caused usu. by heat or humidity."

Then there are cases where one publisher will help you and the other couldn't care less. If someone says "Tsk" or "H'm," and refuses to define his terms, you can look it up in *Random House*, but *Merriam* leaves them out in the linguistic cold. If it's a question of "um," "sh," or "whee," they're *Merriam's* bag; if all you have handy is *Random House*, forget it.

But, cripes ("a mild oath"), what really gets me is the split on two of the commonest words in the language: "uh-huh" and "uh-uh." Do they agree on "uh-huh"? Uh-huh. Do they agree on, or even both define, "uh-uh"? Uh-uh. If you don't know what I mean by this, you'll have to look it up in *Random House*.

—LOUIS B. SALOMON.

You Just Can't Get C-128 Anymore

AS PART OF my personal clean-up/paint-up campaign this spring, I headed toward my favorite paint store with visions of transforming my bedroom with two fresh coats of my favorite color, C-128. Rodgers and Hart may have their blue room, but I have my C-128 room where I can smoke my pipe in peace and quiet color harmony.

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He was getting closer.

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He was getting even closer.

"Stick Candy!"

Colder, colder.

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He almost got to me with Grape Glacé, but when you've lived with and loved C-128 for years, you don't sell out cheap.

"Cliff Stone? Cactus Sprout? Pickle Chip?" He was groping.

I just couldn't get used to the idea of describing rather than numbering colors. Somehow the names didn't conjure up real colors the way M-45 and even Z-17 do. It just wasn't decent.

"Spanish Brass?"

I turned to leave.

"Uh," he sighed in a conspiratorial tone. "Why not give Tender Sprout a try?" The words came hard: "It's . . . really . . . C-128. But don't tell anyone else, anyone. We don't want the market research boys down on us, do we?"

I'm pausing to write this, three walls of my bedroom freshly coated with Tender Sprout. I've got to get this happiness down on paper. After all, a tender sprout by any other name is still C-128. —RUDOLPH R. SPIK.

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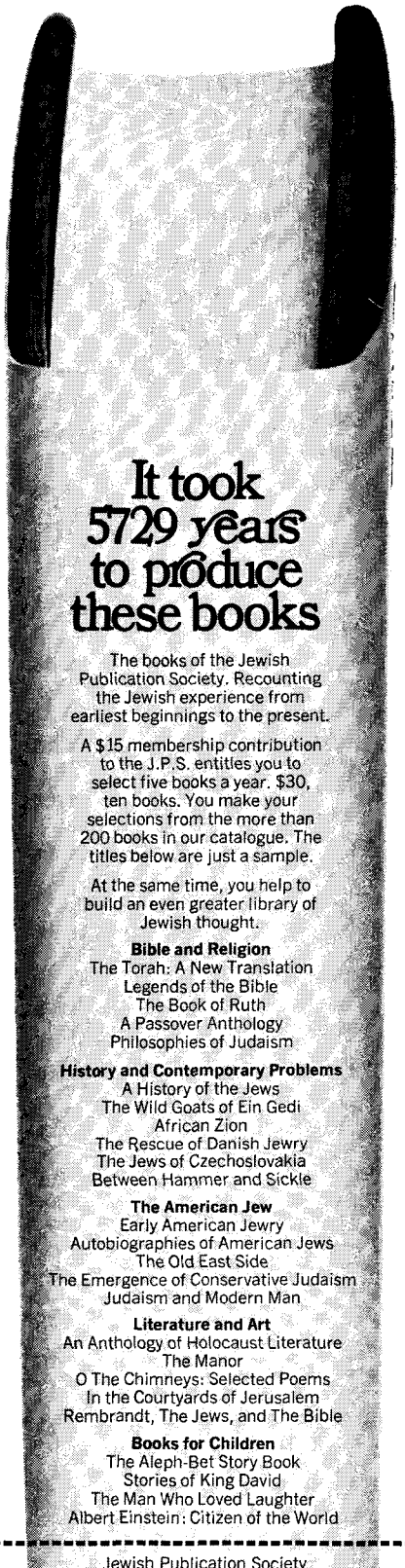
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Top of My Head

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Schools of Hard Knocks

THERE HAS BEEN no mention in the press about the unrest that has spread from the universities and high schools to the business colleges and trade schools across the country. This is possibly because the mass media have not found any unrest; on the surface there seems to be none. But for these columns I dig deep, and I dig the students learning their trades. In their interest, I offer this summary of where and why the action is:

BARBER COLLEGE: The complaint here concerns middle-aged civilians who have copied the young, long hair-dos. They have come into the barbering classes asking for a trim of their hair, beards, and sideburns. The Barber College pupils are demanding time-and-a-half for this complete tonsure. Their protests have, for the most part, been peaceful. For several days last week many of the neophyte barbers refused to call out "Next." Also, there were some acts of arson by a small dissident group. This consisted of singeing several beards.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL: The picketing here has been confined off-campus, mostly at the post offices. The late delivery of lessons sent to students is their main complaint. One of the dissidents questioned for this survey said, "By the time I got my New Math, it was Old Math."

COLLEGE OF PODIATRY: A teacher who addressed the students in the main hall was outrageously heckled when he said, "If you want to get your diplomas, you better get back to your classes. If you want to be podiatrists, there's plenty of work to be done in our classrooms."

"Are you inferring," shouted one dissident heckler, "that in order to get a diploma we have to patch up all the teachers' toes we've stepped on?"

This brought a big laugh.

"If the shoe fits, wear it," shouted the teacher.

This brought a big rock.

ELECTORAL COLLEGE: All this talk about closing down the Electoral College has brought on some violent picketing by George Wallace supporters. With an eye toward the 1972 presidential election, they feel their man could make it. The campus echoes to shouts of "We shall overcome!" And many teachers have been knocked to the ground and run over by students in cars.

COLLEGE OF CARDINALS: No violence—only peaceful demonstrations against TV and radio networks for broadcasting the song that goes: "God didn't make little green apples." This blasphemy, the dissenters point out, is erroneously sung in the verse, where a wife affectionately squeezes her husband's hand at breakfast and asks how he is, and the husband sings, "if that's not lovin' me, then all I have to say, God didn't make little green apples." This, they claim, is outright postulation. They want the lyric changed to: "If that's not lovin' me, then all I can postulate, God didn't make little green apples." The networks have agreed, only if Johnny Mercer is called in to consult with composer Bob Russell—and they are able to find a rhyme for "postulate."

These are a handful, and there have not been any easy solutions. As there have not been from Berkeley to Columbia. Although in an actual newspaper clipping which was sent by a reader from Bellingham, Washington, I note that a woman, singlehandedly, was able to quell a recent student demonstration.

Mrs. Ann Gossage was presenting a fashion show in Bellingham before an audience of 1,000, when a group of SDS students from Washington State College, reports the Bellingham *Herald,* entered the hall. But before the protesters reached the stage, Mrs. Gossage, realizing what was happening, did some fast ad-libbing.

She introduced the students as the actors in a skit which would portray college life. She invited them to the stage and they did "their thing," which was, according to the *Herald,* "an attempt to lampoon the capitalistic system and the fashion industry."

They got big laughs. Mrs. Gossage pleasantly thanked them for their contribution to her show, and joined with the audience in applauding. One of the girl protesters, having finally become aware of the plot, shouted "No, no, it's not a skit, it's a protest." But her cries, the *Herald* reports, "were lost in the applause."

Now there may be those among you who will cry out against this lighthearted treatment of a shocking disorder that threatens to uproot our society. I would seem to be making a molehill out of a mountain. The truth is, we are all so shaken, so desperately helpless, that we have to keep laughing to keep from crying.

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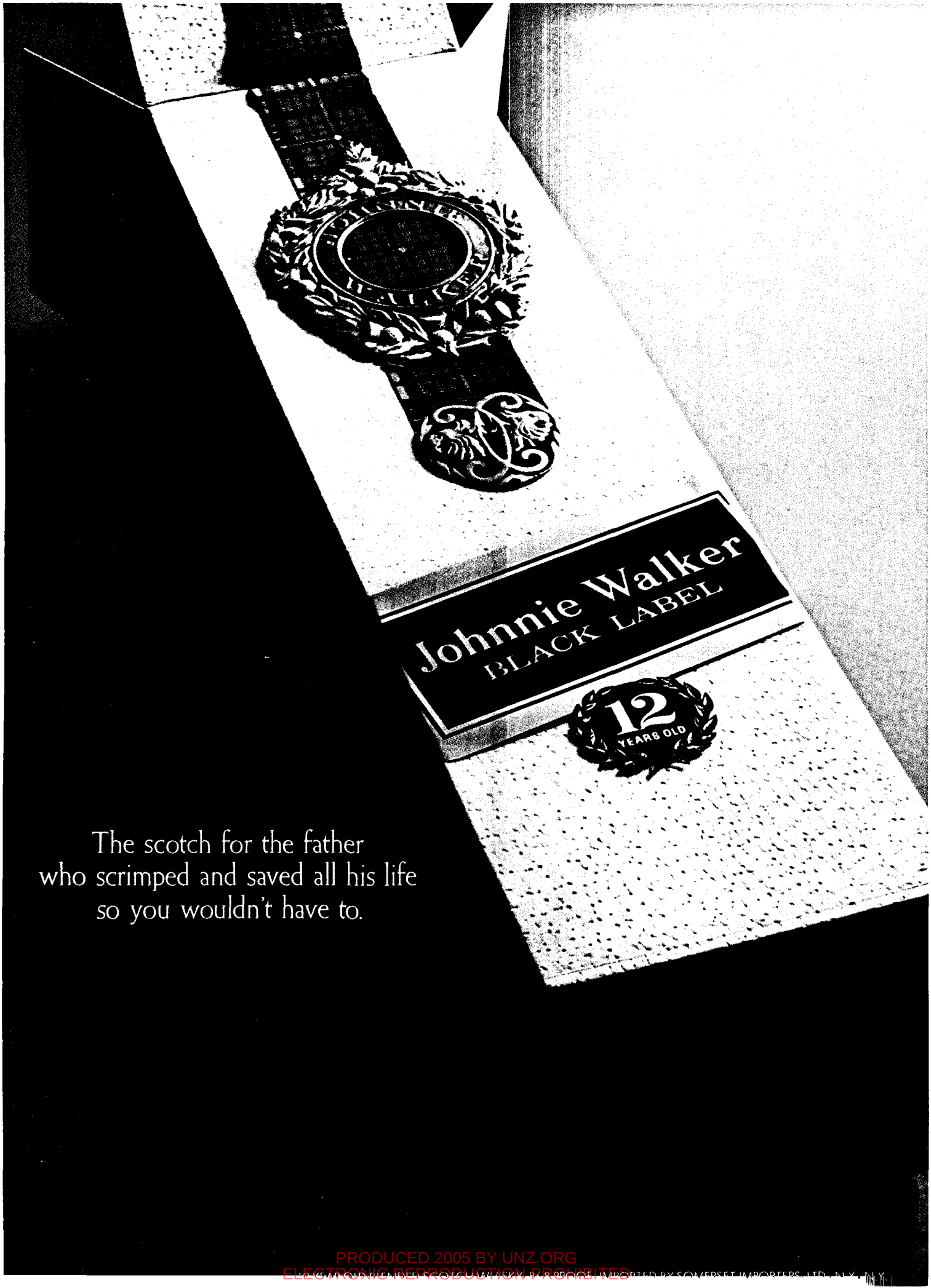

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who scrimped and saved all his life
so you wouldn't have to.

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Toronto: Brazen your way into Eaton's or Simpsons and demand to see Blue Mountain pottery. It's made only in Ontario and would make a nice gift. Alternatively, you could lose yourself in the boutiques of Bloor Street and never be heard from again.

Montreal: Combine your shopping with a little sightseeing. See Place d'Armes where, in 1760, the Marquis de Vaudreuil surrendered French arms (but not, significantly, the French flags) to British general Jeffrey Amherst. Visit the Canadian Handicraft Shop, 2025 Peel Street, and buy some Quebec wood carvings.

Take home a fur-trimmed duffel coat from Great Bear Lake, North West Territories.

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Take home tartans. Take home homespuns. Take home a birchbark what-not trimmed with porcupine quills (the Indians of Manitoulin Island thank you). Come again. You don't need to wait for a Fourth of July.

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

The lectures given by Cass Canfield when he was awarded the 1968 A. S. W. Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography have been printed in a small book, *The Publishing Experience.* Canfield was for years chief executive at Harper & Row, as president and as chairman. He drew on his career for his informative, frank, and philosophical talks.

One of his anecdotes concerned the first part of this century, when literary agents began to exert an influence to the annoyance of publishers. A well-known London publisher summoned to his office A. G. Gardiner, a fine journalist and biographer, and said that he had heard that Gardiner was writ-

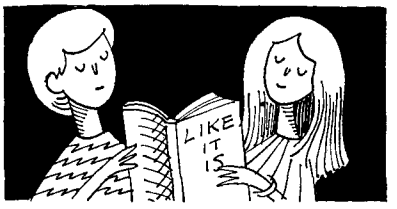
ing a life of Christ. The author admitted it and said that the first part of the manuscript was in the hands of an agent.

"Agent!" cried the publisher. "You mean to say you have employed an agent!" Gardiner noticed tears in the eyes of the publisher, who finally said, "To think, Mr. Gardiner, that you should have dealt with an agent, particularly in a case involving the life of our Saviour, is really more than I can bear."

Do you think children should read books in which characters use words such as "hell" and "bastard"? How about a plot in which the kids fool around with dope? Or where the mother of a boy is a divorcée who mixes herself a drink at the end of the day? Well, that's the kind of thing that appears in some children's books nowadays, and it is a startling sight, I must admit. As a judge in *Book World*'s spring awards for children's books, I had to read or look at about a hundred of them. It was exciting to me to find such overwhelming evidence of publishers' willingness in the last few years to permit authors to deal with life as it is.

There are incidents depicting ghetto life, black vs. white confrontations and prejudice, alcoholism, robbery, and such delicate matters as a girl's first menstruation and a boy's brush with homosexual impulses. In one book I read, the main character was a brain-damaged boy, whose problem was to gain the credulity of adults at a crucial time; in another, two girls befriended and became very fond of a bedridden neighbor, and then he died. I assure you that in the old days none of these things ever happened, as far as most children's books were concerned. Incidentally, I'm not saying that suddenly all of them are entirely based on once taboo themes. This isn't the stage or film, where every story has to have nudity. Rather, what it means is that young people's authors now have the freedom to write of life. No more must they carefully skirt certain ideas. The happy feature is that when delicate or realistic matters are taken up, these writers are able to do it with admirable skill and good taste.

I spoke to John Donovan, executive director of the Children's Book Council, about it. He is encouraged by the new realism and feels that the writers are beneficiaries of it as much as are children. Although he reads several hundred children's books a year, it is as a writer of one that he has had the fact brought home to him. Just pub-



lished is his *I'll Get There. It Better Be Worth The Trip* (Harper). In it a boy finds out something about sex and about how tough it is to grow up. Like it is.

One unusual kind of youthful demonstration is the so-called "Walk for De-

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RICHARD ARMOUR:
MY LIFE WITH WOMEN

While you are looking at a woman's legs and all that sort of thing, take a peek at her shoulders. And feel her biceps. Never get mixed up with a woman who is stronger than you are. She might save your life, but it wouldn't be worth it.

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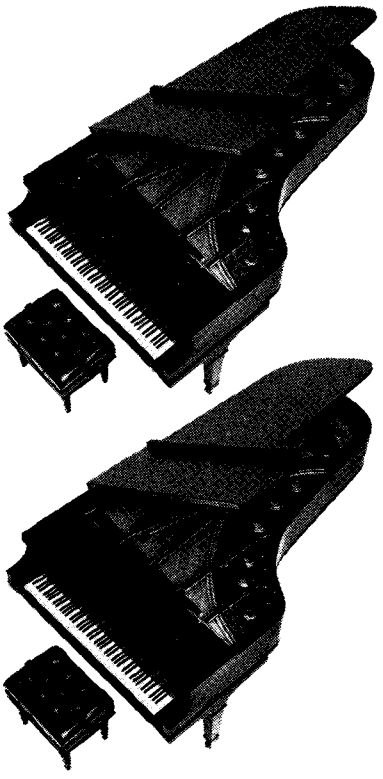

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velopment," in which high school and college boys and girls set out for a day's hike of about 30 miles and thereby earn money to feed the hungry. Promoted by the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation, a nonprofit organization affiliated with the United Nations, these walks have been carried out in a couple of dozen cities already. Each walker is sponsored by someone in town at the rate of a few pennies or more per mile, and the money he or she thus earns goes toward some national or international need. The kids carry pledge cards which are stamped at checkpoints along the way to provide an accurate record of the mileage covered.

The San Diego walk in April was the largest, attracting 15,000 marchers. In Minneapolis, almost 7,000 trekked through rain and snow, some 1,500 completing the 32 miles. A walk that started from Fargo, North Dakota, raised $10,000 for an agricultural training program in Dahomey, and an equal amount for a nutrition program among North Dakota Indian tribes. On that occasion Leonard Wolf, the former Congressman from Iowa who is director of the foundation, was earning $5 per mile, pledged by his boss, Robert Nathan. Wolf lasted 24 of the 32 miles. He calls it Foot Power.

Sharps and Flats: Dial has just published a novel by Paul Rader that takes a wildly satirical look at the campus scene. One of the characters is Earnest Wilmess, a faculty member who gets involved with a student radical group. The title of the book is *Professor Wilmess Must Die,* which was imprinted on lapel buttons that Dial promotion people sent to bookstore clerks. Beatrice Garfunkel, whose daughter works for the publisher, got one and wore it to the music library at New York's Queens College, where she works. A student spotted the button and whispered to her, "What department is Professor Wilmess in?"

► Reading Gay Talese's *The Kingdom and The Power,* that intimate study of *The New York Times,* leads me to conclude that a definitive article on office politics could be printed in that newspaper, and that the reporters could do all their research right there in the building.

► A terrible event has overcome Roger Harrison, the Midwesterner who created the slogan, "Don't trust anyone over thirty"—his birthday. He can't be trusted any more.

► Black militant James Forman is demanding $500 million from churches as reparations for white injustices to his people over the years. It seems to me that if we're going to start that sort of thing, the American Indian ought to get in line. And he won't ask for any measly half-a-billion, either.

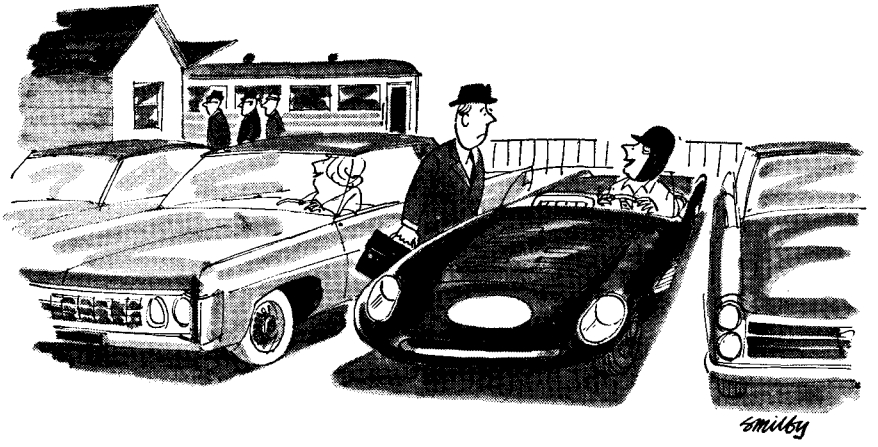
► Jonathan Glixon reminds me that *The Lord of the Rings* is a novel with an index.

► Among the Mother's Day specials advertised by the K-Mart in Moline, Illinois, was POTTED MUMS IN BLOOM. Suzanne Snow says that it's just another sign of the times.

► In the May *Playbill* an article about the Palace said, "When Sarah Bernhardt played this theater she wouldn't go on unless they delivered half her salary in gold bouillon before the show."

► I have the February issue of *Bioscience* magazine, which contains a report entitled, "Regulation of Sex Expression in the Cucumber."

► Jane Appelt: Show me a secret agent in a nudist colony, and I'll show you a spy without a cover.



"Surprise Howard—I've traded in the Jeep."

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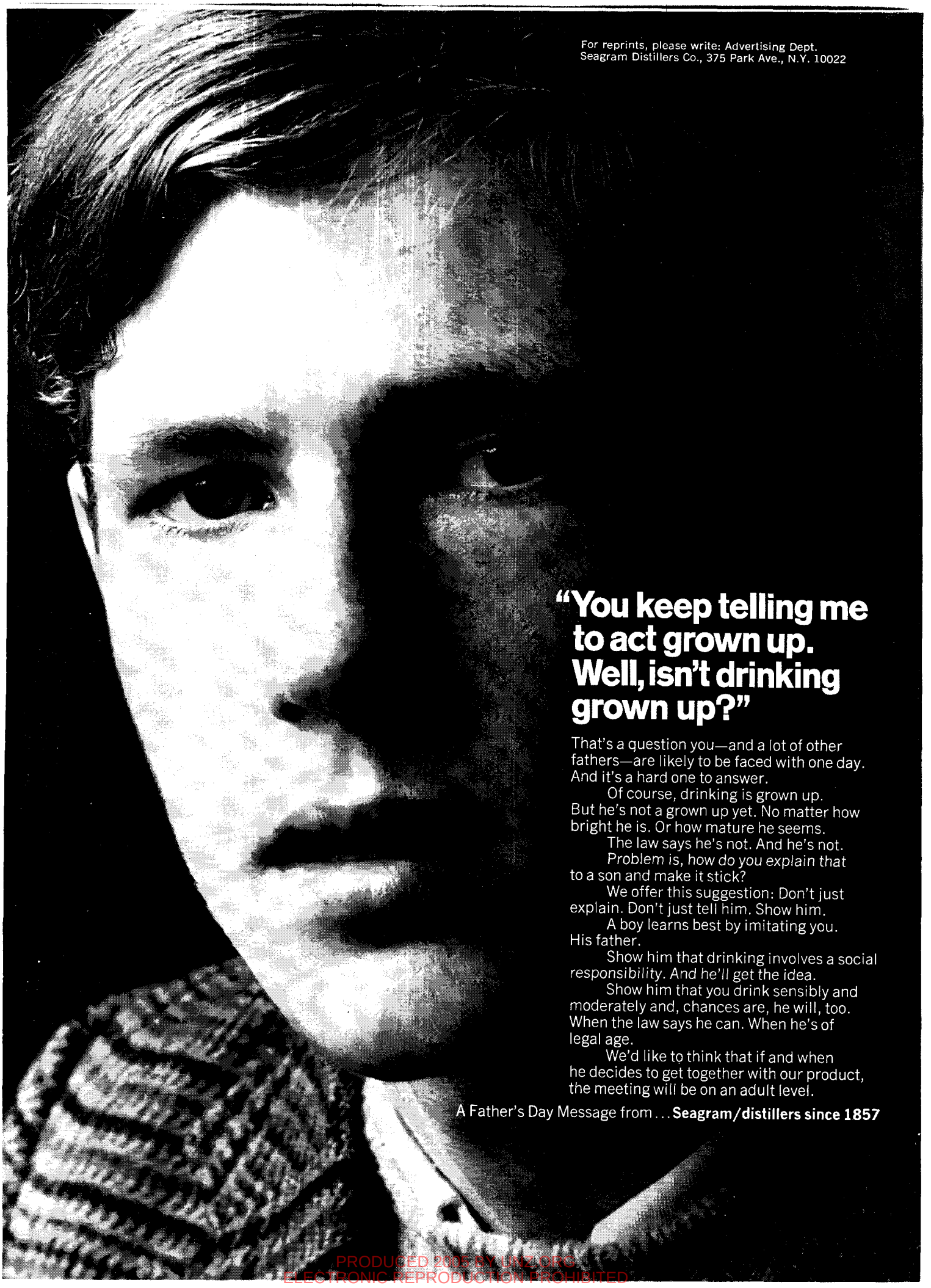

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Problem is, how do you explain that to a son and make it stick?

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Show him that drinking involves a social *responsibility. And he'll get the idea.*

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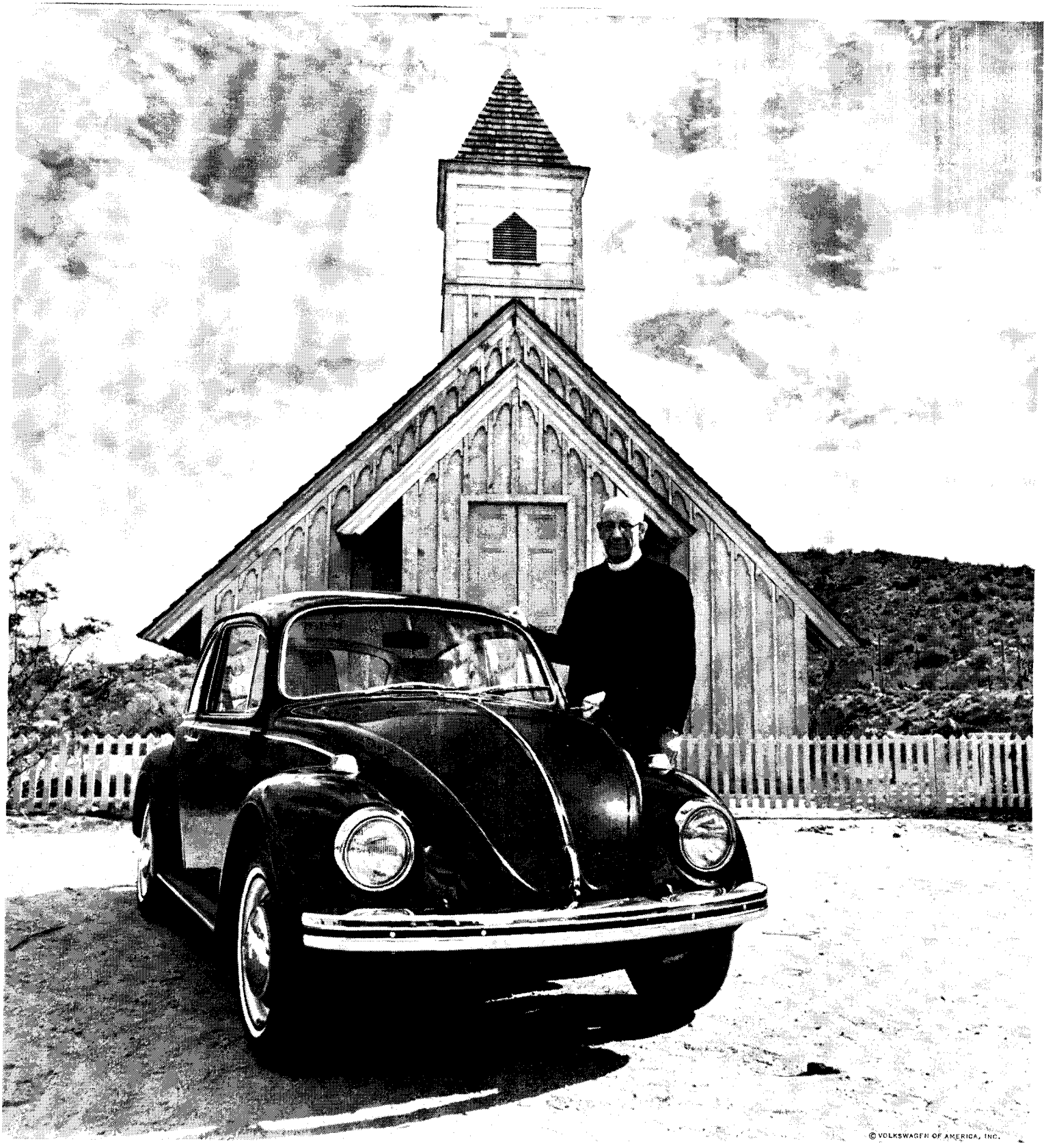

After 30 Volkswagens, Father Bittman still believes.

In the beginning, Father Aloysius Bittman bought a bug.

That was in 1957 when he joined the staff of St. Anthony's Indian Mission in Mandaree, North Dakota.

Since then, Father Bittman has gone a long way. In 30 Volkswagens.

Owning two or three at a time, the Bittman staff travels 600 miles per week in each. Over dirt and gravel roads and in temperatures that have been known to go to 55 below.

A couple of Volkswagens ago, Father Bittman's '65 broke through the Garrison Reservoir ice.

"It was a good time for praying," he said.

Luckily, one 255 pound priest and one 1808 pound bug floated to safety. After the ice was chopped away and a quick oil change, the good father and his faithful companion were on their way.

He was a bit peeved about the oil change though.

"It set the Mission back $1.80," complained Father Aloysius Bittman.

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Saturday Review
June 14, 1969

A new challenge for U.S. foreign policy. . . .

The Changing Profile of World Communism

By THEODORE O. YNTEMA

As Keynes observed, ideas shape the course of history. In the twentieth century the role of communist ideology has been spectacular. Having seen the meteoric rise of Marxism, many of us, still fearful, do not recognize that its decline has begun and will continue. I propose, therefore, to explore the rival ideologies, capitalism and communism: their characteristics, their strengths and weaknesses, their potentials and limitations, and the bearing of these matters on our foreign policy in general and our involvement in Vietnam in particular.

Capitalism is a system, or part of a system, in which the instruments of production — land, buildings, equipment, tools, etc.—are owned privately, and in which business is conducted primarily to make a profit. Socialism involves state ownership of the instruments of production and conduct of business for purposes, and in ways, determined by the state. One form of socialism is communism. Communism is characterized in its economic aspects by centralized control of production and distribution, by the absence of free markets open to buyers and sellers, and by a labor concept of value that denies the productivity of capital.

Theodore O. Yntema, formerly chairman of the finance committee of the Ford Motor Company, is chairman of the National Bureau of Economic Research.

In theory, if not in practice, communism is supposed to be egalitarian—guided by the precept, "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need." In addition, Marxist communism is a kind of political religion whose tenets are the failure of capitalism, the triumph of communism everywhere, revolution to speed this process, the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat, and, at the end of the rainbow, a classless and nearly stateless Utopia.

Capitalism has evolved through the ages by trial and error, and in modern times it has been improved as a result of the theoretical studies and practical suggestions of economists. For capitalism to function most effectively, a number of conditions are necessary: security for person and for property; entrepreneurs with ability and with access to capital; workers with sufficient education to acquire needed skills; workable competition in product and labor markets; fiscal and monetary actions to prevent severe inflation or depression; some progression in taxation to offset excessive tendencies to inequality; and reasonable integrity in political and government activities. Given such conditions, near miracles of progress are possible, as we have seen in postwar Europe and Japan, and in Puerto Rico, as well as in our own country. Conversely, capitalism may work badly if the government is weak, graft-ridden, and unable to prevent severe inflation, or if it does nothing to ameliorate great inequality of wealth and income, or if there is a lack of private enterprise or capital. Under competitive capitalism and democracy, men have attained their highest level of productivity, their highest standard of living, and their highest degree of personal freedom. On the other hand, capitalism can also be used by dictators as a system to exploit the weak and the poor.

Communal societies are not new. There have been many, often of religious origin, and usually on a small scale. The family has been, more or less, a communal institution. But communism, such as has emerged in the past fifty years, is something quite different. It had its intellectual origins in the work of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels who together produced the *Communist Manifesto.* Communist doctrine was essentially revolutionary, a blueprint for class war in which the working class would emerge victorious over capitalist oppressors. It called for violent revolution to overthrow capitalism and for ruthless extinction of the capitalist class. Rule was to be by a dictatorship of the proletariat. Production and distribution were to be guided by egalitarian standards. Not surprisingly, the communist cause enlisted many idealistic and zealous men, some of whom were very able.

There are a number of aspects of modern communism that are worth

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observing. First, it is an effective device for revolution against an oppressive capitalist regime. The concepts of communism have great appeal to oppressed workers, and the mechanics of revolution have been well developed to achieve successful "wars of liberation." Second, under good leadership, the dictatorship of the proletariat, so-called, has been able to make considerable though not phenomenal economic progress in some countries. Third, the dictatorship of the proletariat can readily be used as an excuse for oppression and destruction of those persons or groups opposed to the dictator currently in power. Fourth, *communism cannot survive prosperity*. As a country gets richer, the communist system proves more and more unsatisfactory. Its economic concepts are largely mistaken, and they are wholly inadequate to the organizing of production and consumption in a complex, consumer-oriented society. Intellectuals in leading communist countries recognize these shortcomings, and they are engaged in revision of communist doctrine and practice—much to the consternation of old-line orthodox party members. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, the communist economic systems in more progressive countries must be revised to reduce centralized control and to rely much more heavily on open markets for consumers and producers and on profit incentives for managers. As this happens, the economy becomes more like ours; freedom of action and expression for the individual expand inexorably. In this evolutionary process, Czechoslovakia got ahead of Russia; consequently, Russia moved in to keep control of her satellite. But the move to a market and profit-oriented system, and to personal freedom, is coming in Russia, too. Old-line communism simply cannot satisfy the intellectual needs of thoughtful, independent men, nor can it provide the means for organizing an advanced economy. Either one of two things will happen: communism will either be profoundly modified in an evolutionary process, or it will be overthrown by revolution.

What does all this signify for foreign policy? I think there are a number of implications that are worth our attention.

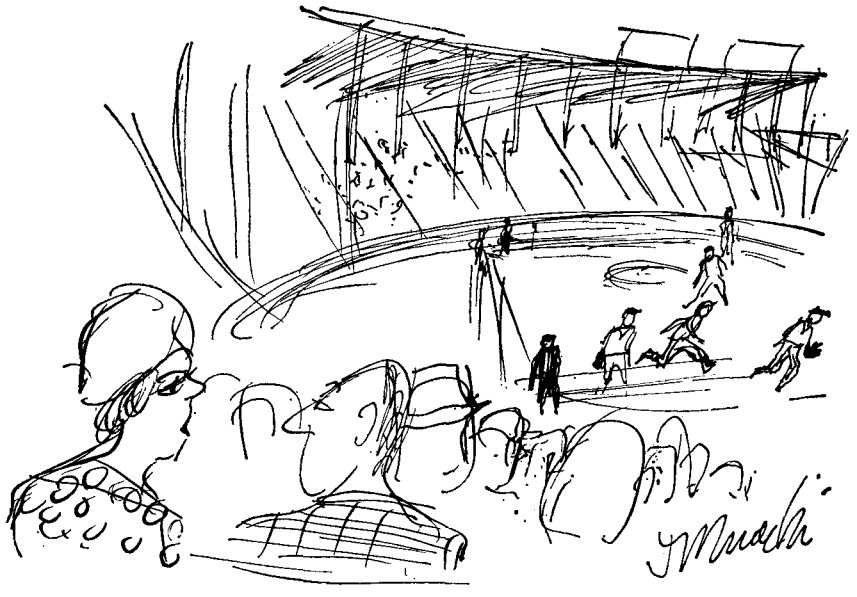
Communism is a system designed primarily for revolution; once the revolution is accomplished, the troubles really begin. To maintain support, communism needs enemies. I suggest the United States should not supply this need by playing the role of the foreign imperialist devil, at least not any more than is necessary. On this count, our intervention in Vietnam has been unfortunate because it has strengthened the position of orthodox, hard-line Communists and has made the transition to a less hostile structure in the Soviet Union more difficult. My guess is that on balance our Vietnam venture has done a good deal more to help communism than to hurt it.

It is true that communism was originally dedicated to the destruction of capitalism and the extinction of capitalists. It is true that in communist doctrine the ends justify the means, however ruthless and terrible the means may be. It is true that the dictatorship of the proletariat has been used as a cloak for repression and atrocity. Despite its professed idealistic goals, orthodox communism in practice is abhorrent to all those who prize human freedom and dignity.

Though old-line communism is the avowed, mortal enemy of capitalism and democracy, this does not afford an adequate basis for our foreign policy. We must also take into account the fact that communism as an economic system is self-limiting and self-defeating. Its economic doctrines are unsound and are unworkable, save in simple circumstances. It is a system doomed to failure in advanced countries; it must either be converted into something else or be discarded. The Achilles' heel of communism is prosperity and plenty. There really is no need to fight communism. The Russians are going to revise it to death and, in the process, Russia will become a different kind of nation.

Even though it involves some repetition, let me elaborate on this point, since it is crucial to the orientation of our foreign policy. An advanced economy is almost infinitely complex. There are hundreds of millions of value and organizing decisions to be made every day. It is impossible for many of these decisions to be made by a central authority through a chain of command (though all of them can be influenced by fiscal and monetary policies). If an economy is to function at all efficiently, it must be through a system in which individuals can act on their own initiative, and in which individuals seeking to benefit themselves serve both their own interests and those of others as well. It must be a system in which action based on self-interest serves the common good. A competitive price system is the only system in which this occurs. Consequently, the only way an advanced economy can be organized is by major reliance on competitive price and profit incentives. In a developing economy, progress becomes increasingly dependent on such reliance. Only simple, low-level economies can be regimented along communist lines, and then only under dictatorial control.

The Russian leaders of economic thought understand this. They know that Marxism is not serving them well, and that it cannot do so. This is acknowledged quite frankly in off-the-record discussions. One Russian economist put it succinctly. Speaking of communism, he said, "When we didn't have anything, it worked." And then he added, "China doesn't have anything." Dissatisfaction is also clearly evident in the actions to install price and profit systems in some industries. The Russians are trying to change over to a system of state socialism in which more of the organization is achieved



"On the kind of pay they get, I don't see why they should make errors."

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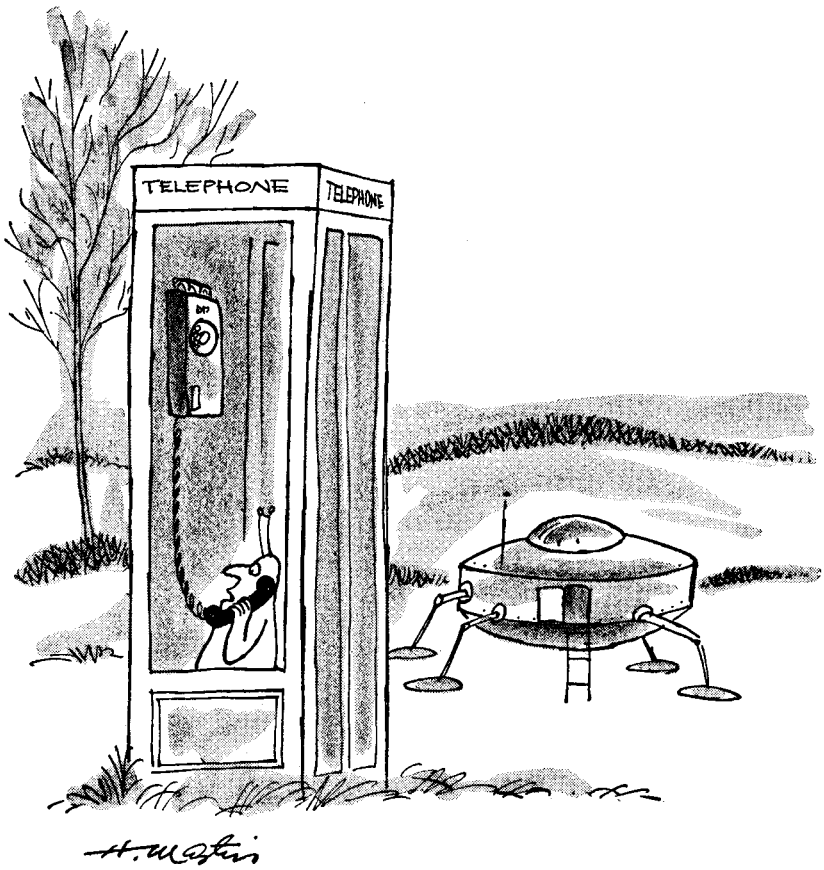
through a price system, including profit incentives for businesses and their managers. When Marx is abandoned as a guide for managing the economy, he will surely be abandoned also as a guide for foreign policy vis-à-vis capitalist countries. As the Soviet economy becomes more like ours, and, perhaps as ours becomes more like theirs, the bases for ideological conflict will diminish. The transition from the cold war to peaceful coexistence can then procced to mutual tolerance and friendly relations.

We should recognize, however, that the Russian leaders are in an extremely awkward and difficult position. The ideological basis on which the Communist Party lays claim to power is being severely eroded. Marxism provided the ideology for the Russian Revolution, for the establishment of the dictatorship, and for much of the conduct of the economy. It also proclaimed the downfall of capitalism and the need for revolution to speed its end. Marxism became established as a quasi-religion. Now it turns out that Marx was wrong on every count except the role of communism as a means to revolution and dictatorship, and that his guidelines for the future are misleading. Although the Russians must, in fact, abandon Marxism, they cannot repudiate Marx openly, or even move too rapidly, without losing face at home and abroad, and without endangering their regime. In this context, the behavior of Russia in relation to Czechoslovakia becomes more understandable. The episode reflects the weakness of communism as a system, and the fear of the leaders to expose to open criticism the ideology on which their power is based.

On the world scene, communism no longer presents anything like a solid united front. In recent years, the movement has split wide apart on differences in national interest and differences in ideology. China and Russia are at loggerheads. Russia has lost her dominance but still retains a large sphere of influence by virtue of her economic and military power. Part of that influence, however, rests on outright coercion—as in Czechoslovakia—not a viable situation. Further differentiation, dissension, and fragmentation in the communist movement are inevitable.

Our international policies should reflect the fact that communist ideology is losing out and will continue to lose out, except as a device for revolution and dictatorship in a poor country. The abandonment of Marxism by Russia is a difficult process, and we should not make it harder by carrying the torch against communism. In this respect, involvement of the United States in Vietnam is a major error. On the other hand, we should not sympathize too openly with the Russian efforts at revision, lest our sympathy prove embarrassing. We can, however, promote cultural and intellectual exchanges, and expand our trade in goods and services. We can join with Russia in every possible common effort to relieve tensions, reduce threats, and promote peace. We can explore all leads toward limitation of weapons capability and use. At the same time, we must proceed with more than ordinary caution. The political apparatus of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union may be doubly dangerous just because it is losing the ideological basis for its claim to power.



"Before I tell you who this is, promise not to hang up."

The long-run outlook for peaceful resolution of ideological and behavioral differences between us and communist countries seems to be good, provided we give up the idea of a holy war against communism and provided the Soviets do not resort to foreign aggression to maintain their power position at home. Even so, there will be the usual, ever present problems of potential conflict between nation states. The least we can do is to avoid complicating and aggravating those problems by aggression against communism per se. Instead of ostracizing communist countries, let us welcome them to the international community and specifically to membership in the United Nations. In this respect, our attitude toward China should have been reversed long ago. Instead of prohibiting or restricting trade with communist countries, let us encourage it within the limits indicated by needed protection of defense secrets, and by the hazards of trading with state monopolies. Instead of keeping communist countries poor, let us help them to get rich. The richer they get, the sooner they will turn away from their false doctrines. Let us encourage communication and travel and social interchange between our country and theirs. The better we get to know them and they us, the less likely it is that irrational hostility will survive. And the more the citizens of communist countries see of us, the more they will aspire to freedom such as we enjoy. It is obvious that we should try to ease the tensions between ourselves and Russia. We should be willing to go more than halfway in seeking understanding and accommodation wherever possible. We should be less threatening and less bellicose. It is worth noting that we have huge military installations in Europe and Asia manned by hundreds of thousands of troops. We have ringed Russia and China with

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"I ask you, who is better equipped to do a book on bears?"

military bases close to their borders. Does Russia or China have a comparable military presence in either North or South America? And how would we feel if they did?

We cannot win the war in Vietnam—in any meaningful sense. Even if we achieved some kind of military victory by devastation of North Vietnam, and even if Russia and China were to stand idly by while we destroyed a small communist country—which they cannot and will not do—even if we could win this war in a military sense, we should lose it by any economic or moral standard. We should have to support and police and rule both North and South Vietnam for decades to come at an enormous cost. And we should have lost a great deal in our efforts to win the minds and hearts of men throughout the world.

Our foreign expeditions to support capitalist regimes that are not viable on their own, and to oppose Communist insurgents that threaten them, are likely to be very costly and will do little good. They are especially objectionable if they are close to Russia or China, in the natural spheres of influence of those nations. Let us not have another Vietnam!

I do not advocate being an easy mark in international affairs. When there is need to be tough, we should be really tough. In a world where power rules, we must be strong enough to deter attack and to preserve our independence. But if we carry a big stick, we should walk softly and speak softly. We cannot avoid the responsibilities of power, but we should be extremely modest in our role as the apostle of righteousness and the arbiter of justice. When we act, we should indeed be careful that our perceptions of righteousness and justice are really valid. And, when we are wrong, we should not persist in the wrong to preserve false pride or to save face.

The fate of communism is not going to be decided by our foreign expeditions or, as Mao has said, by the sheer numbers of people becoming Communists. The fate of communism is going to be decided inside Russia and inside other advanced communist nations. Here will be the critical situations in which communism will either be transformed or fail. It is not going to matter very much whether a few oppressive or weak capitalist regimes are toppled by communist revolt. It is even conceivable that some of these wars of liberation may do some good.

Just as the fate of communism is going to be resolved inside Russia, so will the fate of capitalism and democracy be determined here in the United States. Active criticism and thoughtful dissent are healthy; they are the precursors of progress and improvement. But bitter divisiveness and disaffection and the frustration of underprivileged, hopeless people are dangerous. The threats on the home front are real; it is folly to neglect them in order to carry on a quixotic crusade against communism in other lands. We need to maintain the American dream and make it enough of a reality for all our citizens so that we will have a sense of wholeness and unity in our country.

This will take more than taxing and spending. It will take study, thought, and leadership. It will take professional scholars and dedicated public servants. Most of all, it will take intelligent, diligent, devoted leaders in our communities and in our nation who can perceive what needs to be done and lead us to do it.

A True and Lamentable Account of My Generation of New Englanders (Not to Mention the Country as a Whole)

By Harry Brown

We'll come back with a dead whale
or a stove boat!
—What the harpooners used
to say (c. 1800)

They gave us seacoast children, like stick candy,
Dead whale ambitions in a stove boat world.
Yet, though a few asked where the bloody whale went,
For each hard-stropped young Ahab off to sunsets
There were ten steam-heat thousand who advised him:
"Flotsam's no deck on which to fire up try-pots.
Better to stay in port and watch the pier rot,
Circling around the sun porch in an anti-
Macassar orbit, to the Spheres' new fox-trot
Mewed out on a mahogany Victrola,
Than be Deep-Sixed off Asia."
We were, shortly,
Off Asia, Europe and a slew of islands
Deep-Sixed and -Sevened too.
The quick, returning
To coasts where seascapes chafed old hulks of hope,
Forgot leviathan, and from warm beer cans
(At the best viewing distance from the Screen)
Drank toasts to what the bag held for their brats—
Napalm-drops in that bright clean 'Freedom' package,

With that Good Post-Life Soporific Flavor:
Stove boat ambitions in a dead whale world.

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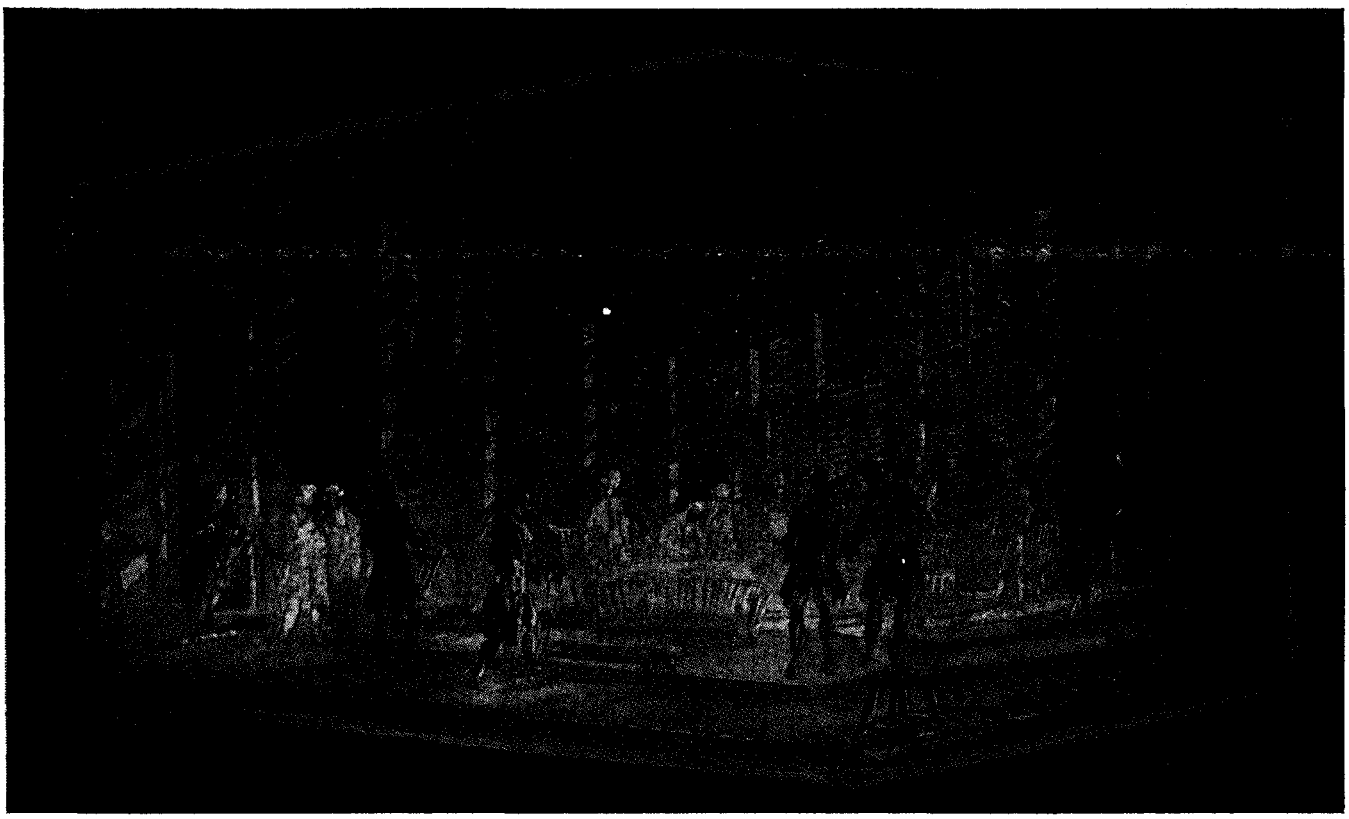

Jo Mielziner made subtle and poetic use of lighting to give vitality and great variety of mood to his settings for "1776," which won him the Joseph Maharam Foundation Award as the 1968-69 season's best designer of a musical.

Theater in '69

By HENRY HEWES

Although the quality of the plays and musicals produced during the 1968-1969 season was substandard, the theater appeared to be challenging our social establishment with a new boldness.

Appreciation of this audacity was reflected in the New York Drama Critics Circle voting. After a first ballot in which no play received the required majority, the critics proceeded to a weighted ballot. In this *The Great White Hope* edged *Hadrian VII* 25 points to 19, with *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* coming in third.

SR's choice, *Little Murders*, placed fourth in a tie with two other plays. However, it might have won, had more critics considered it a new work. Actually *Little Murders* had had a brief Broadway run two seasons ago, but the current production was revised.

A talk with *Little Murders* author Jules Feiffer finds him undisturbed about not winning the Circle's award. He recognizes that both his cartoons and his plays are difficult. For one thing, his built-in sense of accurate observation keeps him from misrepresentation for dramatic purpose. In *Little Murders*, for instance, Feiffer employs a protagonist who has adjusted to the violence of contemporary society (a violence Feiffer sees as related to "deep inconsistencies between American myth and American reality") by becoming apathetic and nonviolent. When he falls in love with a strong-willed exponent of this society, he finds himself being converted to her philosophy. But just at this point she is killed, and insanely he decides to take over her role in the family. As Feiffer describes it, "From feeling numb in a negative way, he goes to feeling numb in a positive way."

Critics have complained that the transition from nonviolence to violence (or from negative to positive) is not completely convincing. The obvious way to correct this fault would be to have the protagonist explain his shifting state of mind to the audience. However, Feiffer feels that this would be dishonest, and prefers to let the audience witness what he considers the character's true behavior, and to make its own interpretation.

Feiffer's attitude places him closer to the new playwrights who believe in following their talent wherever it leads them, and letting each theatergoer take from the experience whatever he chooses. With such an approach plays are moving away from being calculated carpentry in which the playwright attempts through the use of logic, argument, and rhetoric to make every member of the audience think and feel some preconceived way. Instead, the new works tend to be spontaneous improvisations with their subject that appeals simultaneously to all the senses. And the public's acceptance of nudity and sexual exploration onstage is perhaps only one result of the artist's attempt to reach the audience on all levels. If some puritanical theatergoers are shocked, the playwrights will argue that shock is a form of response preferable to affirmation of socially approved values. These artistic attitudes were apparent to some extent in all of the season's serious plays.

For instance, Howard Sackler's *The Great White Hope* simply conjures up the atmosphere in which a Negro box-

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er feels the unfair pressures a white-dominated society imposes on him by trying to force him to throw a world championship fight. The play never reveals whether he lost the fight deliberately, or why he chose to brutalize his white mistress into leaving him. However, so deeply convincing is James Earl Jones's performance, and so deeply ready is the audience to share the guilt for white persecution of a Negro, that such logical questions don't seem to matter.

It is interesting to note that *The Great White Hope* and most of the other top-rated plays of this season were the products of repertory companies, who recognized that their value outweighed the difficulties and imperfections that gave pause to commercial producers. Peter Luke's adaptation of Baron Corvo's *Hadrian VII* was pioneered by Britain's Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Lonne Elder,

New York Drama Critics Circle Choices, 1969

	First Choice Play (3 pts.)	*Second Choice Play (2 pts.)*	*Third Choice Play (1 pt.)*	*Best Musical*
CLIVE BARNES *New York Times*	Hamlet	Misanthrope	Front Page	Hair
WHITNEY BOLTON *Morning Telegraph*	(White Hope)			Zorba
JOHN CHAPMAN *Daily News*	(White Hope)			1776
HAROLD CLURMAN *Nation*	Ceremonies	White Hope	Oppenheimer	Zorba
ETHEL COLBY *Journal of Commerce*	White Hope	Hadrian VII	Glass Booth	1776
RICHARD COOKE *Wall Street Journal*	Hadrian VII	White Hope	Oppenheimer	Promises
JACK GAVER *UPI*	White Hope	Hadrian VII	Glass Booth	1776
WILLIAM H. GLOVER *AP*	Ceremonies	White Hope	Hadrian VII	1776
MARTIN GOTTFRIED *Women's Wear Daily*	Paradise Now	White Hope	Oppenheimer	White Hope
HENRY HEWES *Saturday Review*	Little Murders	Ceremonies	Futz	Hair
EDWARD S. HIPP *Newark News*	(Hadrian VII)			1776
TED KALEM *Time*	Abstained			Abstained
WALTER KERR *New York Times*	White Hope	No Place	Glass Booth	1776
JACK KROLL *Newsweek*	Frankenstein	Boy	White Hope	Abstained
EMORY LEWIS *Bergen Record*	Ceremonies	White Hope	Oppenheimer	Hair
HOBE MORRISON *Variety*	White Hope	Hadrian VII	We Bombed	1776
GEORGE OPPENHEIMER *Newsday*	Hadrian VII*	Adaptation-Next	Ceremonies	1776
WILLIAM RAIDY *Newhouse Papers*	Hadrian VII	White Hope	Little Murders	1776
RICHARD WATTS, JR. *Post*	Hadrian VII	Ceremonies	Glass Booth	Promises

* Mr. Oppenheimer voted for *We Bombed in New Haven* as the best play of the season on his first ballot, but dropped it on his second ballot in order not to waste his vote. Mr. Bolton, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Hipp did not cast a second ballot. Their first ballot votes are listed in parentheses but do not count in the tabulation below.

Totals: Best Play: *The Great White Hope*, 25 points; *Hadrian VII*, 19; *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, 14; *Little Murders*, 4; *The Man in the Glass Booth*, 4; *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, 4; *Frankenstein*, 3; *Hamlet*, 3; *Paradise Now*, 3; *Adaptation-Next*, 2; *The Misanthrope*, 2; *No Place to Be Somebody*, 2; *Boy on the Straight-back Chair*, 2; *Futz*, 1; *We Bombed in New Haven*, 1; *The Front Page*, 1. Best Musical: *1776*, 9; *Hair*, 3; *Promises, Promises*, 2; *Zorba*, 2; *The Great White Hope*, 1. It was voted not to give an award to the best foreign play. (Note: *Hair* opened on Broadway April 29, 1968, too late for last season's voting.)

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III's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* was presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. *Little Murders* and *We Bombed in New Haven* began at the Yale Drama Repertory Theatre.

Heinar Kipphardt's *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer,* which turned out to be the most exciting production by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center to date, owed a great deal to Gordon Davidson's earlier staging at Los Angeles's Mark Taper Forum. *Hair* and Charles Gordone's *No Place to Be Somebody* came from Joseph Papp's Public Theatre.

But perhaps the greatest impact on the season came from several more unorthodox organizations. Café La Mama's production of Rochelle Owens's *Futz* was transferred to an Off-Broadway theater where its tale of how a farmer's physically manifested love for a pig erupted into a community backlash of violence, stimulated controversial critical response. Happily, La Mama itself moved in April from its old makeshift studio on Second Avenue to a newly renovated building on East Fourth Street, which contains two theaters to house an ambitious future program that began most promisingly with *Gloria and Esperanza,* a brilliant inchoate play that brought its author Julie Bovasso an Obie.

Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage production of "The Great White Hope," featuring magnificent performances by James Earl Jones and Jane Alexander, turned into a Broadway hit and was voted best play by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

—UPI.

"Ceremonies in Dark Old Men," a first play by Lonne Elder, III, was staged by the Negro Ensemble Company with Douglas Turner Ward in the main role.

The Performance Group, under the direction of Richard Schechner, attempted through improvisation and modernization of the text to make Euripides' *The Bacchae* relevant to the present. Titling their group effort *Dionysus in 69,* the performers challenged the audience by making some of their actions dependent upon the audience's reaction, and by erupting into orgiastic violence with total fury and total nakedness.

The Open Theatre led by Joseph Chaikin created an imaginative group exploration of the Book of Genesis, called *The Serpent.* In this case, the text was supplied by playwright Jean-Claude van Itallie, who wrote to match what eventuated from the rehearsals.

But the most anarchistic and controversial theater troupe of them all was the Living Theatre, which returned to the United States after a six-year absence in Europe. Their work struck most critics as overlong and boring. Yet, so great was their commitment, and so relentless their conceptions, that the memory of the experience proved more insistent than any other offered this season.

Meanwhile, Broadway producers took refuge in presenting light comedies and musicals that resisted the new wave. *Forty Carats*—which *The New York Times* critic, Clive Barnes, wittily referred to as *"39 Carats"*—flourished with an assist from Julie Harris, who stuck fiercely to her own remarkable talent in a boulevard farce transformed into a sequence of mediocre topical jokes. And *Play It Again, Sam* more honestly presented what seemed an extension of a Woody Allen nightclub routine. Although these were more successful than Murray Schisgal's *Jimmy Shine,* the latter, which starred Dustin Hoffman as an incompetent artist in a loosely connected series of scenes illustrating his encounters with conventionality, somehow seemed more genuine.

Of the twelve new musicals that opened on Broadway only three were hits. *Promises, Promises* succeeded mainly because of its comic craftsmanship and Jerry Orbach's ability to preserve sympathy for its weak central character by making him always seem the victim of the system. *1776* offered an entertaining history lesson that appealed to the American need to feel some hope that Congress can do the right thing for the wrong reasons. And *Zorba* made tuneful and amusing

—Friedman-Abeles.

Linda Lavin, Vincent Gardenia, and Fred Willard capture the difficult style of Jules Feiffer's revised "Little Murders" in Alan Arkin's Off-Broadway staging.

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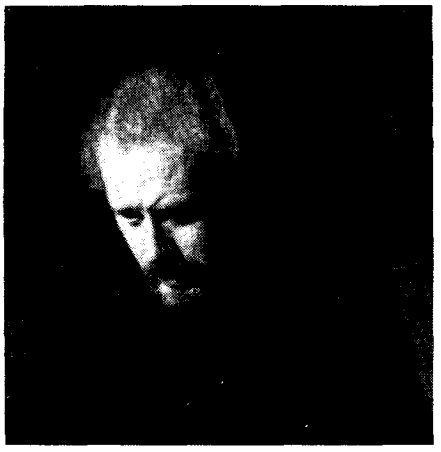
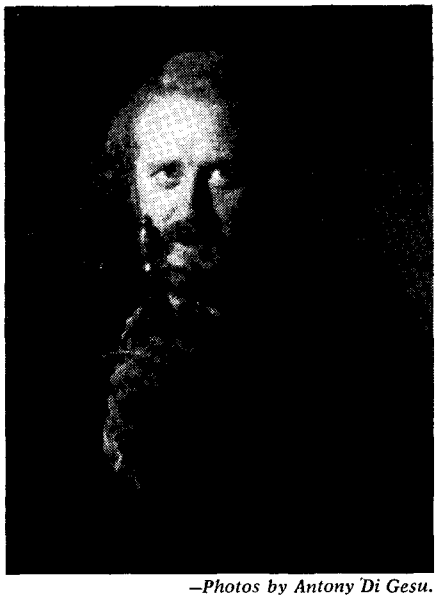
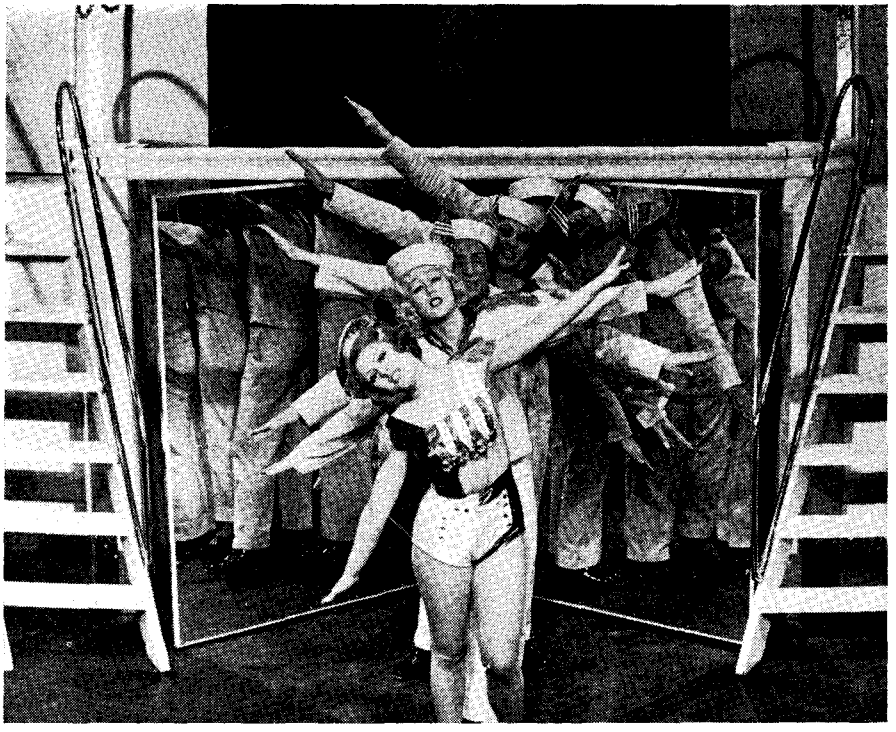




Nicol Williamson's startlingly new conception of Hamlet as a raw and contemptuous prince was fascinating and challenged our preconceptions.

—Photos by Antony Di Gesu.



"Dames at Sea" used mirrors to create "spectacle" with a cast of six people.

one man's earthy philosophy. Off-Broadway, the biggest hit was *Dames at Sea*, a perfect lampoon of the old Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell movies.

If the season was considerably enriched by several excellent revivals, their producers were not. Theater 1968 received excellent notices for its four bill drama repertory which included Edward Albee's evocative if static new leap forward *Box-Mao-Box*, but it failed disastrously at the box office. The APA-Phoenix offered excellent revivals of *The Misanthrope* and *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, but the losses were so great that the partnership between the APA and the Phoenix was dissolved. Lincoln Center Festival '68 brought two of Europe's most exciting companies to New York in June. But both France's remarkable Théâtre de la Cité and Yugoslavia's spirited Atelje 212 failed to draw large audiences. Nicol Williamson's unorthodox portrayal of *Hamlet* drew the highest praise from many critics, but played to half-filled houses. The only revival that promises to show a slight profit is *The Front Page*, a relatively modern comedy.

My personal choices for the best of a season unusually full of superb male performances follow:

Most fully realized theater work: *The Great White Hope.*

Best serious play: *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer.*

Best naturalistic play: *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men.*

Best play adapted from a book: *Hadrian VII.*

Best revival: *The Misanthrope.*

Best comedy: *Little Murders.*

Most original play: *Futz.*

Best short play: *Adaptation.*

Most indelible theater experience: *Paradise Now.*

Best musical: *Promises, Promises.*

Most lighthearted musical: *Dames at Sea.*

Best director (serious play): Edwin Sherin *(The Great White Hope)* and Michael A. Schultz (*Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?*).

Best director (comedy): Alan Arkin (*Little Murders*).

Most imaginative director: Tom O'Horgan (*Futz*).

Best director (musical): Neal Kenyon (*Dames at Sea*).

Best director (revival): Stephen Porter (*The Misanthrope*).

Best male lead performance (serious play): James Earl Jones (*The Great White Hope*).

Best male lead performance (revival): Nicol Williamson (*Hamlet*).

Best male lead performance (comedy): Dustin Hoffman (*Jimmy Shine*).

Best male lead performance (musical): Jerry Orbach (*Promises, Promises*).

Best male supporting performance

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—Raeanne Rubenstein.

Members of the Living Theatre Company acrobatically arrange themselves to portray the huge figure of a monster in "Frankenstein." The two "eyes" are really one actor holding two lighted red flashlights. This ingenious set won the company and its director, Julian Beck, the Maharam Award for the past season's best scene design for a play.

(serious play): Al Pacino (*Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?)* and Stephen Elliott (*In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*).

Best male supporting performance (revival): Brian Bedford (*The Misanthrope*).

Best male supporting performance (musical): Howard Da Silva (*1776*).

Best male supporting performance (comedy): Vincent Gardenia (*Little Murders*).

Best female lead performance (serious play): Jane Alexander (*The Great White Hope*).

Best female lead performance (revival): Christine Pickles (*The Misanthrope*).

Best female lead performance (comedy): Linda Lavin (*Little Murders*).

Best female lead performance (musical): Bernadette Peters (*Dames at Sea*).

Best female supporting performance (serious play): Lauren Jones (*Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie*?).

Best female supporting performance (revival): Blythe Danner (*The Miser*).

Best female supporting performance (comedy): Elizabeth Wilson (*Little Murders*).

Best female supporting performance (musical): Marian Mercer (*Promises, Promises*).

Most exquisite performance: Joseph Wiseman (*In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*).

Most skillful performance: Alec McCowen (*Hadrian VII*).

Most theatrical performance: Donald Pleasence (*The Man in the Glass Booth*).

Best performance in a short play: James Coco (*Next*).

Best performance in a foreign language: Slobodan Perovic (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*).

Best scene design (play): the Living Theatre Company under the direction of Julian Beck (*Frankenstein*).

Best scene design (musical): Jo Mielziner (*1776*).

Best scene design (revival): René Allio (*George Dandin*).

Best costume design (play): Tanya Moiseiwitsch (*The House of Atreus*).

Best costume design (musical): Patricia Zipprodt (*1776*).

Best costume design (revival): Theoni V. Aldredge *(Henry IV)*.

Best choreographer: Ronald Field (*Zorba*).

Best composer: Burt Bacharach (*Promises, Promises*).

Best lyricist: George Haimsohn and Robert Miller (*Dames at Sea*).

Best bookwriter (serious): Peter Stone (*1776*).

Best bookwriter (comic): Neil Simon (*Promises, Promises*).

Patricia Zipprodt's colorful costume designs for "1776," including the one for Benjamin Franklin (above), were deemed to be the best of the season.

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Fifty Years Ago at Versailles

By the end of World War I, public awareness of the destruction and suffering at every level of society in modern war forced the heads of state at the Paris peace conference to take seriously for the first time some form of world association whose purpose would be to prevent another war or, if this failed, to contain local brush fires so they would not spread into a world holocaust. The Versailles conference unanimously agreed to an idea central to world peace—that aggressive war is a crime against the entire human community, not simply the immediate victim of aggression, and, this being so, that it is the duty of all other nations to combine in combating such aggression. This proposition had been a theory found only in the works of high-minded moralists, philosophers, idealists, and dreamers; until the Paris peace conference half a century ago, it had never before broken through into the world of practical politics. Previously, collective security had been accomplished on a regional basis through military ententes and alliances, which were frequently defensive in character. But the basic idea of collective security on a world-wide scale was for all practical purposes born at Versailles precisely fifty years ago this June.

The Treaty of Versailles was ratified by Great Britain in July, by Italy, France, and Japan in October, and rejected by the United States Senate in November when Henry Cabot Lodge the elder, leading the isolationist forces rampant in this country, shattered the dreams of Woodrow Wilson, father of the League of Nations and the most popular man of his time in Europe and indeed amongst lovers of peace everywhere. The U.S. never did ratify the peace treaty signed at Versailles, despite Wilson's killing of himself in his messianic crusade from coast to coast in an attempt to reverse the Senate's vindictive rejection of his brainchild. Ultimately, of course, the League of Nations succumbed—just as in this country a century and a half earlier the Articles of Confederation had failed—because the League had no independent power of its own to enforce its rulings. Without American participation, it could not possibly be effective. Actually, the name "League of Nations" had been in general use throughout peace-loving countries as early as 1915, in part the result of encouragement by former President William H. Taft, and by Sir Edward Grey and Sir Robert Cecil of Great Britain who had fostered similar concerted efforts. It was truly ironical in the U.S. presidential election of 1916 that both Republican and Democratic parties heartily championed American membership in a future League of Nations, only to repudiate their President three years later, and to destroy at the outset any possible effectiveness of a world community.

Political evolution rarely happens overnight, but follows the very definition of the word—to develop, usually by slow stages. In the United States, the Articles of Confederation made no provision for enforcement of even the most rudimentary laws, including the raising of taxes and defense of the Republic. Therefore, doomed from the outset, the Articles were replaced eight years later by the Constitution, which was quite specific in matters of enforcement and separation of powers. So carefully were these delicate points worked out in 1787 that the main body of this remarkable document is intact today, and it functions as well as and probably better than any other constitution ever wrought.

Similarly, the League of Nations, forerunner of the United Nations, was weak and its dictates unenforceable. Yet, if it had not been for the existence of the League, no United Nations Organization could possibly have been formed. The fact that the League lasted one whole generation, degenerating though it did through the years, provided footings on which the San Francisco world conference was built.

To bring the harvest of a true world organization to fruition is, then, the next step in the evolution of this association of world nations, whose first quarter century will be celebrated in June of next year. One of the requisites for a truly functional U.N. has to be a permanent organizational police force with the authority to move at once anywhere in the world, at the bidding of the Security Council, to put out those brush fires that might turn into conflagrations. This is not now the case, partly because the most powerful nations—including the U.S.—jealously guard their right to decide each "aggression" on its merits and, if uncomfortable about it, to use their veto to torpedo a whole project. Besides a U.N. police force and the elimination of the Security Council veto (which the United States still wants to retain just as much as the Soviet Union does) are organizational problems involving equality of vote among nations in the General Assembly, where Chad and Gabon have the same voting power as France and Great Britain; the raising of enough money to run the U.N. itself, and to implement the worthy proposals of UNESCO and other human rights subdivisions; and the fact that the U.N. isn't really a world organization as yet, Red China with her 600 millions being the most notable absentee.

In any case, the five immediate priorities at the U.N. are: colonialism, peacekeeping, human rights, disarmament, and the extension of U.N. jurisdiction to outer space and to the bed of the oceans and seas. These pressing issues must be solved if the world is not to set fire to itself, one way or another. And to accomplish any of this will require further evolution of the charter affixed in June 1919, at Paris—a seed of world peace through world law only now beginning to grow from blade to ear to corn. —R.L.T.

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Letters to the Editor

Santa Barbara's Oil

GARRETT HARDIN's article "Finding Lemonade in Santa Barbara's Oil" [*SR*, May 10] offers provocative suggestions to the question of progress. Certainly his concern for what has happened in Santa Barbara is shared by all men—even those presumed to be "hardheaded."

The optimism he expresses is encouraging, and perhaps he has reason to be even more optimistic. The environmental conservation personnel in many companies of the petroleum industry have full authority to stop activity which does not come up to governmental or recognized community standards.

What then of the "belt tightening" in energy consumption of one-half of one per cent on the part of us all? Assuming energy companies could somehow control demand—an unworkable concept, since customers create demand – would this achieve the more serene "scale of living" the author suggests we return to?

For the affluent, the diminution would perhaps make little difference or work little hardship. But what of the less affluent? With less to begin with, and, hence less to give up, each reduction, no matter how slight, would be of a much greater order of magnitude for them. The easiest, most painless reduction in energy for the less affluent would not be in diet, home heating, or walking to work; the easiest route would simply be to turn out the lights. But, would New Yorkers agree that such is the solution to the problem?

PAUL H. DUDLEY, JR.,
Humble Oil & Refining Co.,
Houston, Tex.

GARRETT HARDIN provided a rather one-sided view of the term "conservation." While I agree that the oil company responsible for the damage should be condemned since it undoubtedly could have been more effective at the outset in preventing such an occurrence, I do not agree that the case as presented favors the conservationists over the so-called commercial "exploiters."

The main point apparently missed by Dr. Hardin is that conservation need not mean preservation. The "wise use" concept defining conservation of renewable resources, and generally accepted by naturalists today, can also be applied to the development of non-renewable resources. The fish and other wildlife affected by the oil will return, since it is doubtful that the environment was totally destroyed or permanently damaged. Yet, little has been said about the continuing and irretrievable loss of oil which, as a natural resource, also belongs to the people.

There is no doubt that at the very least a severe—albeit temporary—blow was accorded those who utilize the fish and wildlife, or enjoy the esthetic and recreational value of the ocean beaches. It would behoove both entities—the oil companies and the conservationists—to recognize and understand each other's problems and concepts, and work toward acceptable levels of interference.

HENRY O. WENDLER,
Olympia, Wash.

Efficiency and Equity

ALTHOUGH James M. Gavin's article "Can Industry Manufacture Social Solutions?" [*SR*, May 24] spells out the problems that face businesses at work on community problems for the underprivileged, I question the implications of his suggestion that tax incentives be used to induce corporate interest in these problems and their solutions.

As in all economic problems which deal with the question of whether public or private sector resources should be allocated to a specific problem or task in society, there are two fundamental criteria which must be applied in making the decision. These are efficiency and equity.

The question of efficiency is decided by determining who can best maximize the economic energy spent, or, negatively, who will perform the given programs with the least waste of economic resources. It has yet to be proved that private sector firms when dealing with public services are more efficient than the Government. Both are, as General Gavin points out, burdened with their own bureaucracies.

The second and more important question is that of equity. Is making it profitable for companies to engage in social reform programs consistent with the general goal of income redistribution spelled out in our progressive (and already tax incentive top-heavy) income tax system? General Gavin's suggestion appears implicitly in the form of a regressive income tax, with those owning productive resources being encouraged by the Government to capitalize on poverty. By turning poverty into profit for corporations, dividends are returned to the suburbs rather than the ghettos.

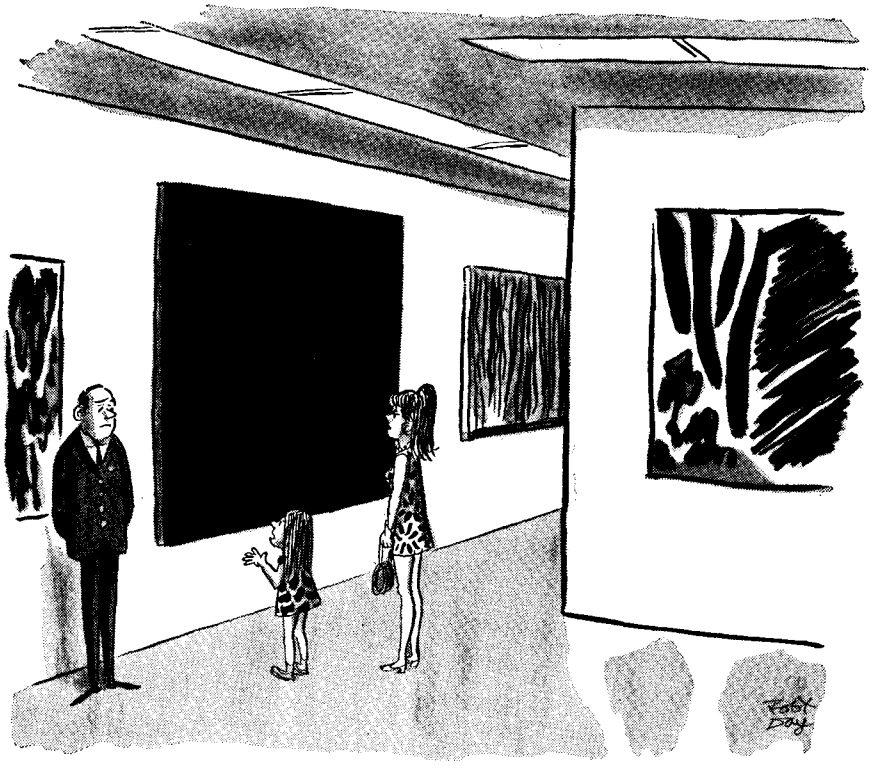
CARL J. SCHRAMM,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis.

Price, Preceded by Williams

IN PETER HERMAN ADLER's "Music: The Silent Stepchild" [*SR*, Apr. 26], he states, "Leontyne Price was featured as Tosca—the first time, I believe, that a Negro artist was cast in a romantic 'white' role on any American opera stage." It was the lovely soprano Camilla Williams, I believe, whose appearances as Mimi in *La Bohème* at New York City Center qualify as first in that category. Miss Williams is better known for her Madama Butterfly than for Mimi, but she appeared on the American operatic stage nearly a decade before Miss Price came on the scene.

PAUL L. DIGGS,
Vice Dean,
Howard University,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The emphasis would be on degree of prominence: others preceded Miss Williams, too, but she was perhaps the most conspicuous example prior to Miss Price.*



"What happened? Did it temporarily lose its picture?"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Adult Education

DOGGEDLY, with firm if not stern determination, the cinema continues its program of public sex education. You will remember that *Goodbye, Columbus* frankly faced the problem of birth control by having its heroine, Brenda Patamkin, visit a gynecologist for a fitting. The visit occured off sound stage. A new film, *That Cold Day in the Park*, starring the capable Sandy Dennis, doesn't bother with that between the lines sort of stuff. Miss Dennis, as a lonely spinster who is holding a young hippie captive in her Vancouver apartment, not only visits the gynecologist, but we are made privy to what transpires on such a visit.

For the purpose of spinning what in this case is a horrific plot, the clinical details (such as a rack of diaphragms from which the doctor selects the appropriate size) were hardly necessary, and extraneous, overheard dialogue throughout adds more sex information, as though the film is not only trying to tell a story but also to compete with *Oh, Calcutta*. Thus, the young hippie, during a period when he is enjoying the hospitality of the spinster's luxurious quarters, is visited by his slightly older sister, who attempts to seduce him. In this way, the film is larded with perversions, or suggestions thereof, in addition to its main theme, which has to do with the spinster's growing and murderous insanity.

Robert Altman, the director, has not neglected "art" either. The apartment has several windows made up of blocks of opaque glass, and, in case we fail to note Miss Dennis's mental imbalance, the refractions of light from the windows make it quite clear. Eventually, it all becomes too much. There are some scary moments, but some that are unintentionally ludicrous, too, and we get the impression that everyone has tried much too hard to make a stylish, mature, sexy horror film—aimed at today's box office.

More sex education is available in *Life Love Death*, the new Claude Lelouch film. Here the problem is impotence; during the "hero's" struggle with his affliction, he murders three prostitutes. Lelouch unfolds his story by starting more or less in the middle, and he gets to the beginning just before the end. A psychiatrist, during the trial of the murderer, explains the man's impotence, so that he becomes more to be pitied than censured. Lelouch apparently either read or saw *In Cold Blood*, and he, too, winds up his grim case history with a strongly implied condemnation of capital punishment. However, using the medium for so blunt a message—particularly when the message seems an afterthought—gives the film, in spite of its hand-held camera expertise, a cooked-up quality. Another new film, *The Libertine*, is both less serious and more liberal with its treatment of sex, most of which comes from that ancient and now respectable source, *Psychpathia Sexualis*. A beautiful young widow (Catherine Spaak) finds that her husband had kept a secret apartment, furnished like a laboratory for Kraft-Ebbing. Much annoyed, she reads the above-mentioned book, and proceeds to practice what is unveiled therein, until Jean-Louis Trintignant, a radiologist (who, incidentally, allows us to see Miss Spaak through a flouroscope), helps her return to relative sexual normality.

After the above examples of the new cinema, *The April Fools* seems so pleasantly old-fashioned that one is tempted to recommend it. Made by Cinema Center Films from the kind of script that used to be turned out every month by Universal, it stars Jack Lemmon and Catherine Deneuve, both (in the story) married to others. She's his boss's wife—a fact which he strangely does not discover for more than half the film—and he has the usual wife and kids in Darien, Connecticut. When they meet and fall in love, there are only two possible endings, and since this is the only suspenseful element in the film, I won't reveal the one chosen.

The fun is provided less by the two stars than by the subsidiary players: Peter Lawford, as Miss Deneuve's husband; Sally Kellerman, as Lemmon's wife; and Jack Weston and Harvey Korman, as two bibulous commuters. Miss Deneuve, beautiful as ever, is as yet unaccustomed to speaking English, and Jack Lemmon can't make much more than a cliché out of his by now typical asininity. The others try harder, and do much better. Very helpful, too, to the frothy nonsense is Stuart Rosenberg's canny direction, Michael Hugo's photography, and Richard Sylbert's production design. The craftsmanship throughout is admirable; the story seems to have been plucked from a pile of discarded old scripts.

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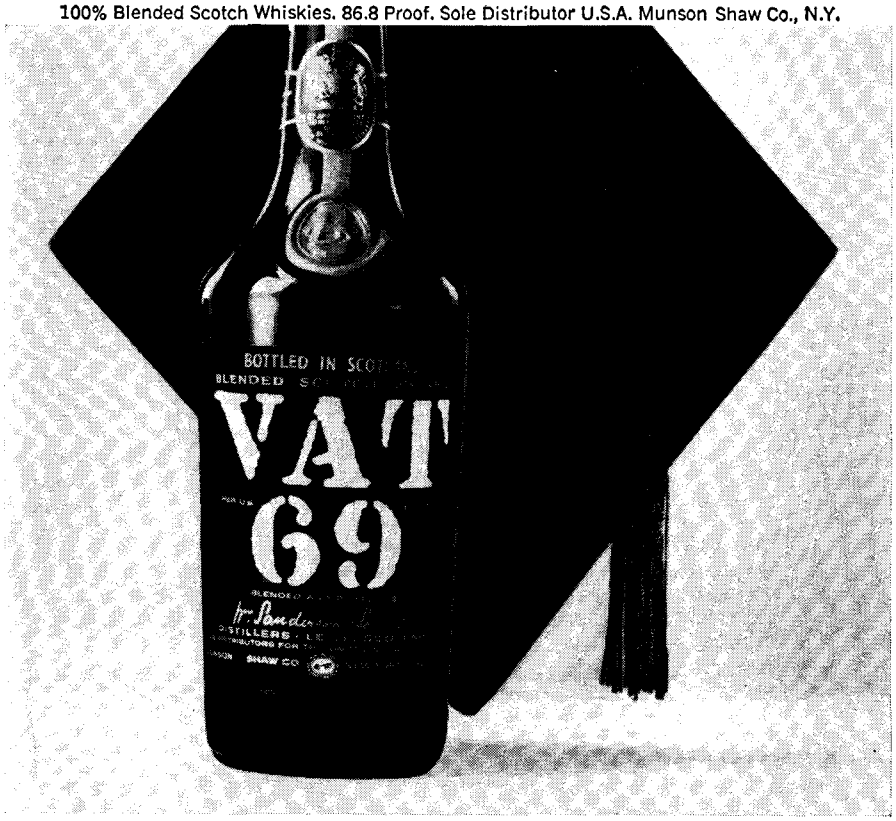

The class of '69—or any other year.

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

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An essay review of Lawrence Durrell's "Spirit of Place: Letters and Essays on Travel," edited by Alan G. Thomas (Dutton, 430 pp., $10).

Art as Intersecting Fields of Energy

By John Unterecker

I want to use Lawrence Durrell's *Spirit of Place*—an assembly of letters, essays, poems, short stories, and fragments of novels, all expertly stitched together by Alan G. Thomas's informative commentary—as a basis for a general discussion of form in modern art. I shall argue that in the last thirty years we have largely abandoned one notion of esthetic form, though still giving it lip service, in favor of a radically different one, and that Lawrence Durrell's work is a splendid consequence of the new esthetic.

Durrell himself is very much aware of the kind of cultural reversal I have in mind. In one of his letters to Alan Thomas he discusses *The Black Book*, his first major novel, which he had just completed. Trying to define what he has accomplished, he concludes that the work is not so much a technical achievement as an achievement of an altogether different, more subjective sort. It abandons the easy, mechanical design of conventional fiction for a more fluid form that connects with cosmic patterns and so breaks out of molds almost as soon as it flows into them. Violent, amoral, *The Black Book* rides a charge of enormous energy, building and breaking and rebuilding its own design; a huge thunderhead of a novel, it recklessly manipulates time and space and is as unsentimental as a flash of lightning.

But this is my own imagery. Here is Durrell's statement:

> As to *The Black Book,* you might like it. But you will notice the slight contamination of conscience here and there infecting the sentiment—a peculiarly English disease. I hope to outgrow it. The sails are set. I'm starting out now in a more splendid curve than you would ever have imagined possible of me. . . . Don't be worried by my touches of megalomania here and there, my saying that I'm the best writer in England, etc. What I mean is this: I HAVE BEGUN TO BE A REAL WRITER. There is no one else on the horizon in England who seems to be developing into the same kind of faun. At the best, brilliant literary practitioners, which is on a level with cabinet-making—any poor fool can learn it at the polytechnik. So when I Durrealize, please understand: I am not comparing myself to the Walpoles, the Morgans, the Aldingtons of the world. I do not compete. By degree I may be lesser: by genus I belong to another race. It is a qualitative difference in which I blow the Lawrentian trumpet. I my own kind, I haven't begun. Beside Lawrence, beside Miller, beside Blake. Yes, I am humble, I have hardly started. BUT I AM ON THE SAME TRAM. As for the Morgans and Eliots and Co. Why, they do not wear the first eleven cap. You will understand all this better when you see my writing on the heraldic universe.

Though this is hardly a clear statement of differences, it does, I think, indicate the territory Durrell rejects and the new one he wishes to claim as his own, a territory that an increasing number of painters, writers, and composers have recently been drawn to. The writers he admires, Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence, and William Blake, help us sense something of the climate of the place—open, free, ultimately affirmative. In another letter to Thomas Durrell stresses the importance of Miller's—and his own—special kind of freedom. Thomas, at Durrell's suggestion, had purchased (and disliked) *Tropic of Cancer*. Durrell offers no apologies for recommending it, defending Mil-

JOHN UNTERECKER is a poet whose work has appeared in numerous quarterlies. His *Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane* will be published next month.

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ler's earthy book on the grounds that "it's a book that moves in terribly rare air":

> I couldn't read it in England myself. But it's the book of a great exile, and I'm one myself (minus the great to quite that degree). A greater exile even than Villon is old Miller. I love the red naked personalities of prophets appearing suddenly in the decorous circus of literary literature. It shows up the conscious craftsmen like hell, and makes them see what maggots they are. Away with these old buggers who want art to be superior cabinet-making. Real art is life. And Miller is a real live Miller all through, not a literary sempstress.

Life for Miller, and for Durrell, is primary. The job of art is to display life, not to tame it; to celebrate man's lusts as the literally vital forces they are—sometimes healing, sometimes destructive, but always so long as man is alive the forces that keep him going. Man must never condemn them, for if he does, by an easy extension he condemns himself to the dull hell that in *The Black Book* Durrell calls "the English death," the living death which results from a "proper," puritanical denial of man's emotional, animal, *human* nature.

Yet man does condemn those elemental lusts. Rejecting himself, both philosophically and psychologically, modern man daily falls into unwholesome postures either of self-pity or of self-castigation. What has happened is that, in driving the gods into exile (those convenient figures "responsible" for man's condition), man suddenly finds himself forced to take on full responsibility for his own sorry, "fallen" estate. There is no one else to blame. He is full of leftover guilt, leftover hopelessness. Without a heaven to aspire to or a hell to fear, he takes on his own shoulders the burden of an uncontrollable universe that seems to be forever grinding out nothing more than pointless change—mere process.

Miller's breakthrough, Durrell feels, is the assertion that guilt and gloom are homemade prisons. The free man escapes both pity and terror by accepting those classical bugaboos as necessary consequences of the natural condition of things, thereby transcending them. Mere being becomes its own excuse for being. Once he acknowledges this as the core fact of his existence, poor neurotic man can step as easily as through a door into the freedom that pulses, instant by instant, in, about, and ahead of him.

Notions of this sort, Durrell argues, comprise the explosive force that makes *Tropic of Cancer* the seminal book of the twentieth century:

> I am convinced that it's the greatest thing written in our lifetimes. Roughly its idea is this. Where all the other people like Joyce and Lewis got stuck in the morass and dirt of modern life, Miller comes out on the other side with a grin, whole, hard and undamaged. He's the first man really to cross the modern bog safely. The rest—all those tedious Ulysses and Chatterlies got stuck and choked up to the eyes: or else, like R. Aldington, stayed on safe romantic ground and spent their time moaning about the bog without ever going near it. For your own sake you must understand the book. It's a manifesto. A world, says Miller, in which there must be no hope, *but no despair*. There is the different angle. Everyone else has been only too successful painting the despair, but no one has rejected it, and really jumped headlong into the dirt *with guts*.

But what has this to do with my opening assertions about a new and unacknowledged esthetic that rides like a groundswell under present critical theory and present educational practice? When everything is said and done, all Durrell and Miller have managed to do is leap onto the great existential bandwagon a bit earlier and a bit more spectacularly than most of the rest of us. And what has all this business of the primacy of being to do with new esthetic? A good deal, as I hope to point out.

Consider, for example, the evolution of our recent critical stances. In painting, in music, in literature, even in ballet most of our present attitudes toward the arts were set up for us by the great theoreticians of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who, attempting to apply science to the various artistic disciplines, searched out the mechanical "laws" of perception. By measuring both the world and our ways of looking at it, listening to it, and even walking on it, by probing our minds to learn something of the function of memory and by exploring the nature of our loves and fears, scientists and psychologists made available to the artist useful new tools for his trade. Painters adapted the discoveries about light to their own ends; writers self-consciously learned to manipulate symbol and metaphor, rhythmic pattern, point of view, time.

A new breed of critic also developed. In literature alone such men as T. E. Hulme, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, I. A. Richards, William Empson, and John Crowe Ransom began to formulate "classical" doctrines that defined the work of art increasingly in structural terms. If we could just subject the work to accurate enough analysis, many of these critics felt, we should be able to possess it completely. The romantic view of the world meanwhile was rejected for its vagueness, its imprecision. Hulme grandly announced that there was an odor of split religion about it; it was mushy with mysticism, perpetually out of focus. Finally, Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren wrote a group of brilliant textbooks on how to "understand" drama, poetry, and fiction; and W. K. Wimsatt and Monroe Beardsley capped them by pointing out to us two important areas that should be off-limits to critics: the intent of the author and the response of the reader. The "intentional fallacy" and the "affective fallacy" (the way a work affects the reader) seemed finally to complete the process by cutting the work off from

"No kidding? You like W. C. Fields too?!"

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both author and audience. We are left with the "pure" work and we judge it, if we judge it at all, by evaluating the nearness of relationships of part to part.

In itself this evolving esthetic was a healthy one; for the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century world has had to put up with floods of bad criticism: reports on everything from the state of the critic's soul to the significance of Shakespeare's dislike of spaniels. It has also had to put up with floods of corrupted art—"mood music," say, or, even worse, television commercials like that memorable one in which two dancers perform the *pas de deux* from *Swan Lake* while powdering each other with medicated talcum. No wonder estheticians want to reduce art to something nice, and neat, and measurable: poetry that can be read into an oscillograph, its rhythm at last made incontrovertibly visual; linguistic analyses of the phonemes and morphemes in *King Lear*, which will ultimately be fed into a computer and so translated in a flash into a finitude of permutations and combinations. (Computers, as we know, already write and read poetry. When they write it and read it exclusively to each other we will, I suppose, have reached the scientist-artist's nirvana.)

While a mechanical esthetic was establishing itself, the arts were already beginning to react against it. Poets such as Roethke, Lowell, and recently Bly have insisted by their example that form is never the end of art but only the most easily dissected of its components.

The trouble with the esthetic we are dominated by is not that it is a bad one but rather that it frequently fails to distinguish between external form and the formed thing which a work of art is, or, more accurately still, the formed thing a work of art almost but not quite contains. (The *thing*, of course, that the work struggles to shape is life.)

Durrell, it seems to me, is representative of what I am convinced is the great esthetic reversal which has already taken place but is only beginning to be acknowledged. For critical categories are far too convenient a way of translating a live work into a dead one. But life itself is denial of category, and Durrell inevitably rejects neat pigeonholes. His best works always spill over; in fact, they bristle with deliberately constructed loose ends. Consider all those mysterious "work points" in *The Alexandria Quartet* that assure us we know next to nothing about the complex figures Durrell examines but never exhausts. "What do you read when you spend a wet Monday alone?" Durrell

(*Continued on page* 38)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

"Emotive Language"

MILTON KONVITZ'S REVIEW of Noam Chomsky's *American Power and the New Mandarins* [*SR*, May 3] is typical of the apologetics for American world hegemony with which we are inundated daily in the name of "reasoned argument" and scholarly detachment. If I may quote one sentence from the article: "To this reviewer the 'terrifying thing' is that a serious, competent scholar would permit himself to see 'denazification' as 'what is needed in the United States,' and that a linguistics expert would allow himself to use such emotive language."

In the words of Kaufman and Hart, "I may vomit" Since when is emotive language unfit for human discourse? In many other places Professor Chomsky has used reasoned argument after reasoned argument to attack the American position in Vietnam. If any reviewer, or any other supposedly knowledgeable person, doesn't know the facts of American culpability in Southeast Asia by now, then he just doesn't want to know. And if he does know the ugly facts, and still can piously deplore "emotive language" in reference to them, he must be dead inside, a victim of the same dehumanization and self-deception that pervades Washington, the universities, and all levels of our insane society.

MONTGOMERY SMITH,
Garden Grove, Calif.

IF CHOMSKY SEEMS OVER-EMOTIONAL, it is because he is tipping the scales away from dispassionate, ivy-covered logic to sensitivity and involvement. Indeed, Chomsky has gone beyond "reasonable argument" (that tool used by defense intellectuals, Vietnam apologists, *et al.*) to the realm of basic compassion and gut-reaction to human suffering. Thousands have been slaughtered because of U.S. foreign policy (no doubt logical, given certain assumptions) and Konvitz asks that we respond with "reasoned argument or proof." He also reproaches the New Left for its "blindness," ignoring the fact that it has never pretended to supply a "key to knowledge." It arose out of moral outrage and despair. Only a massive emotional reaction from Americans will produce any changes in our foreign policy, and only men of sensitivity and compassion can lead them.

MRS. JACK E. KOLLMANN, JR.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

No Prerogative of the Propertied

WHETHER THE REVIEW of *The First Liberty* [*SR*, May 24] contained the reviewer Albert Vorspan's interpretation or the author Marchette Chute's implications, one must take exception to many of the statements. As an example:

"Most of them saw political power as the prerogative of the propertied . . ." Some, possibly and probably, but not most or the Constitution as documented could not have been ratified. "New York . . . the only one to abstain on the Declaration of Independence, . . ." New York delegates present at the time of the proposal of independence could not vote since they lacked instructions from home (pro or con). After the New York Provincial Convention so authorized, the Declaration was signed by Francis Lewis, Philip Livingston, Lewis Morris, and William Floyd on 2 August 1776—less than a month after other signers and not an unreasonble time even by today's standards (compare, for example, the time required for some states to ratify the most recent of the Constitutional amendments).

W. R. RUSSELL,
Compton, Calif.

COULDN'T AGREE MORE with Mr. Vorspan's saying, ". . . this volume might help . . . to place the torments of the moment into the perspective of our history as a nation."

JOHN D. BELL,
Provincetown, Mass.

Values and Reason

I AM SUBSTANTIALLY over thirty, but I believe I have some notion of what students are talking about when they say not to trust anybody over that magic number of years. It is reflected in John H. Bunzel's review of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Crisis of Confidence* [*SR*, May 17]. All of those "liberal" values Bunzel and Schlesinger esteem have led to that crisis and to the greatest division of opinion, the greatest lack of communication between groups of Americans, our country has ever seen. Schlesinger, as advisor to Jack Kennedy, demonstrated *his* "liberal" values when he was party to and tacitly approved of the Bay of Pigs decision, though he now laments that it was not done quickly or effectively enough to satisfy Macbethian standards; not that it was an immoral decision from the outset, but that it did not succeed. This is the "tough-minded" liberalism Bunzel, and, by inference, Schlesinger, approve of and is part of the scene on which youth has turned its back.

DONALD L. STOFLE,
Sebasco Estates, Me.

Hicks's Coign of Vantage

LA, SIRS, *lose* Granville Hicks [*SR*, May 24]? Are you out of your editorial We skulls? That man cannot be replaced. Though I have frequently delighted in disagreeing with him, I have consistently enjoyed his opinions, his excellent scholarship, and his pristine coign of vantage.

CAROL ROBINSON MOORE,
Jackson, Tenn.

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On the Fringe

Haskel Frankel

Though he has lived for many years in California, Carroll Righter still has about him that well-tailored Philadelphia elegance—he was born and brought up there. Righter was in New York helping to launch his book, *The Astrological Guide to Marriage and Family Relations* (Putnam, $4.95), and to visit with clients. We met at his hotel at 11 A.M. for what turned out to be his fourth breakfast of the day (three clients preceded me). His clients —those whom he guides, or has guided, astrologically—include Danny Kaye, Van Johnson, Rhonda Fleming, Robert Cummings, and Lana Turner.

To call Carroll Righter an astrologer is akin to labeling Everest a mountain. He is an astrological empire. With the aid of four secretaries and a mathematician he turns out some 3,000 pages of work per month. There are the daily astrological columns that run in 306 papers around the world, monthly forecasts, personal charts and horoscopes, radio and TV appearances, books, and the Carroll Righter Astrological Foundation.

"The Foundation," he said, "has three main projects. One, we are interested in weather forecasting. I don't mean what meteorologists do; we use the planets for prediction—high winds, even fog. Then there is work with the help of the Kaiser hospitals—at Los Angeles and Oakland. We have over 3,000 patient records supplying us with dates of birth and death, as well as cause of death. We hope by working with this information astrologically that we can learn to help the living. Thirdly, we have been writing to successful people in all walks of life requesting the pertinent astrological facts about them. By studying their charts, we may learn to be able to prepare children—small or grown tall—for the line of greatest success in their own lives.

"My family background is mostly Philadelphia lawyers. I spent a year in law and hated it. Astrology came into my life when I was fourteen. Evangeline Adams told me that I had the perfect chart for an astrologer. I took it up just to disprove it, but I found it worked."

A major factor in the emergence of Carroll Righter, astrologer, was a back injury while playing ice hockey at prep school. "The doctors said I would die in six months. I looked at my own chart and found physical protection in the southwestern part of the United States. I went to California and in one year I could dance again. Whenever I come east now, I find my physical condition worsening the longer I stay.

"I became a professional astrologer in 1939 after a dinner at Chaplin's house, where I met Marlene Dietrich. Her career was in trouble and she wanted to know if she should retire. I told her she was on the verge of a new career. I helped her to choose the film *Destry Rides Again*, and you know what happened after that.

"But I would not be interested in astrology if it were absolute. I am interested because through it I can help others, and that's something fascinating to do."

Top—maybe bottom?—honors for the offbeat publishing party of the year must go to Ophelia Press for their bash honoring *The Homosexual Handbook* ($2.25), by Angelo D'Arcangelo. The site was the Luxor Bath Hotel on one of Times Square's grimy side streets. Ladies were invited, but the shocking pink invitation noted: "For the convenience of our male guests, bathrobes and towels will be supplied for those wishing to use the steam room and the swimming pool." The book, a paperback, intends to do for the homosexual what Dr. Spock has done for babies.

The hall outside the party room was heavy with the smell of steam drifting up from the baths somewhere below. The room itself was a dead beige square, made doubly depressing by old mirrored columns and a gritty maroon rug with tortured gray flowers.

Clutching my curvaceous editor with one hand, and pad and pencil with the other (with that setup I could only be accused of voyeurism), I entered, undoubtedly looking uptight. My condition was not helped by being given a numbered chance—male only—at being chosen Queen of the May. My editor reminded me that a good reporter covers a story *completely*. I was going down to the steam room, wasn't I? As one does not hit a lady—at least not if she's your editor—I said I would, and made straight for the bar.

Got drink, then met Angelo D'Arcangelo, a tallish thin man with a hairdo of gray swirls and curls. Sunglasses, a beard and moustache hid the rest of his face. "It's not my name. My publisher, Maurice Girodias, chose it for me. I think it's kind of silly. My hair—I guess you could call it a genteel platinum or a dull pewter. No, I will not go down to the steam room. My beard and moustache would come off. Can't you tell? I'm in complete disguise. Oh, not because of the subject of my book—I am a happy homosexual, even if lots of stupid books say you shouldn't be—but this way everybody thinks a celebrity wrote the book. I'm just an ordinary person.

"I think a book like mine is very important, not that I didn't write it for money. After all, I'm not a non-profit organization. But don't you see the need? After all, sex education in school is strictly heterosexual."

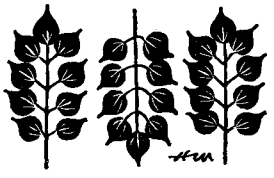
A group of hippies had taken over a corner of the carpeting and were huddled on the floor. An older woman looking like a stumpy Gypsy rushed around determinedly meeting people. No one knew who she was. Someone else was passing out copies of an unheard-of magazine, *Other Scenes*, which when opened revealed type too small for either side of the generation gap to read. A man wearing a pony tail caught in rubber bands drifted around lonely as a cloud.

The Queen of the May was chosen—a thin young man who turned blood red, would not give his name, would not allow photographs. His prize was a yellow sweatshirt with "Queen of the May" across the chest in large blue letters. "I'll give it to my girl friend," he muttered.

The party began to break up. Beloved editor said, "Well, are you going to check out the steam room or not?" I chucked her lovingly under the chin. She winced. Over her shoulder I saw Mr. D'Arcangelo kiss Girodias's hand in good-night. Big smiles both ways. Girodias kissed D'Arcangelo's hand.

About five minutes later, I was gasping for breath in a dry heat room where assorted proper elderly gentlemen were working up a sweat. I staggered out, circled the pool, and tried another room, this one featuring damp heat, heavily pine-scented. Empty. Came out, stuck a toe into the pool and experienced the first stages of frostbite.

A young man came up to me. "Are you with the Mattachine Society?" "No." "Well, you were at the party." "Yes." "Is anyone else from the party down here?" "Not to my knowledge." "Damn, and I'm already late for my group therapy session." I went upstairs, dressed, went out, and immediately caught a head cold.



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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

As a non-signatory to the International Copyright Convention, the USSR, through its state publishing houses, helps itself to the pick of Western literary output, royalty-free. As a result, a good many American writers are well known in Russia, and Russia is in another sense becoming well known to them: sometimes, in lieu of royalties, rubles are made available for travel within the Soviet Union. By this means Erskine Caldwell has paid extensive visits to the Soviet Union, as have, more recently, Mary Hemingway and Bel Kaufman. Miss Kaufman had the added advantage of being the granddaughter of Sholom Aleichem, and traveled, so to speak, on both her own rubles and grandpa's reputation. As they say, it's like money in the bank, except that the bank is a little out of the way.

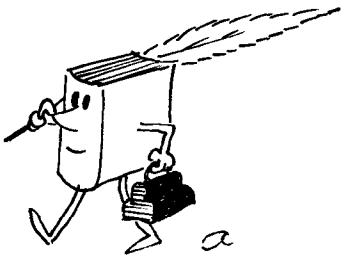
But piracy is a two-way street. U.S. publishers are legally entitled to help themselves to Soviet books—those already published and bearing the imprimatur of the government as well as unpublished manuscripts that have somehow been smuggled out of the country. For practical purposes, the Soviets lend a hand with respect to the first category; Novosty, the Russian literary agency in New York, handles the "rights" and acts as a collection agency for royalties, since most American publishers pay them as a matter of principle. But with disapproved works—*Dr. Zhivago* being the most celebrated example in recent times—the royalties cannot be easily remitted. The question is how to do it without getting the author into more trouble than he is in already, especially if he happens to be in jail. Publishers, nevertheless, assume an obligation to pay; and with suppressed books reaching this country in increasing numbers the strategies of payment have multiplied.

The situation is complicated by the fact that these works can be copyrighted outside Russia by the firm that first acquires possession of the manuscript. The book is then licensed to other publishers. In general, for such a copyright to hold up, publication must be "authorized" by the writer, however risky this may be; when such authorization is not forthcoming, the manuscript is in the public domain. In the case of Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn's *The Cancer Ward* two manuscripts were smuggled into the West: one, via Prague, to Paris, the other to The Bodley Head in London. In an effort to secure copyright the British publisher brought out an edition in Russian, and a translation of this version was licensed to Farrar, Straus & Giroux in the United States. Meanwhile, the Dial Press issued a translation of the Paris manuscript. Several other U.S. publishers had previously rejected the book because they were convinced that publication was contrary to the author's best interests.

When Dutton brought out *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* some years ago, Novosty handled the arrangements. After Solzhenitsyn's fall from grace, however, that cooperation ceased, and his earnings were taken to him by travelers to the Soviet Union. For the new book The Bodley Head has set up an escrow fund, and Dial is saying only that "royalties are provided for." Just as an underground railroad is at work spiriting manuscripts out of Russia, so a parallel underground exists to smuggle royalties in. A sure way for a Soviet author to make money over here is to be out of favor over there—a case of profit without honor. This can be dangerous, of course; but then, as someone has said, publish and perish.

American publishers are divided over the ethics of bringing out a Russian book without the author's approval, even though the manuscript comes to them from sources sympathetic to the writer. "It just isn't cricket," an editor at one U.S. house declared, "to run the risk of getting the man in trouble." Other firms will issue the book but deny "authorization," even though they have it, in order to protect the dissident artist from blame at home. To further confuse matters, the Soviet government itself is suspected of planting fake versions of underground works in order to throw Western publishers off the scent and possibly forestall publication of the authentic manuscript. James Bond, please investigate.

Despite all this, there is a lively traffic in smuggled books, and some of the best contemporary Russian literature is better known abroad than in the USSR. At least a dozen such volumes have appeared here since the first of the year, most of them "licensed" by copyright holders on the Continent or in England. The average U.S. firm looks no further, for often the less it knows about the history of a manuscript, the better.



Praeger recently issued *The Czech Black Book*, prepared in secret by the Czechoslovakia Academy of Sciences and brought to the U.S. by a *Newsweek* correspondent. The Pavel Litvinov documents, published here by Pitman as *Dear Comrade*, first saw light in the Netherlands last year. Harper & Row's version of Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov's memoirs was picked up from Soviet military journals—pirated, to be exact. (The firm is nevertheless setting aside a standard 10 per cent for the Marshal.) Praeger has also published *Russia's Underground Poets*, and will follow with similar books on underground intellectuals and writers. Royalties are sent to Longmans, Green (London), who take it from there.

Harcourt, Brace & World has scheduled Boris Pasternak's play *The Sleeping Beauty*. The work was thought to have been lost when Soviet authorities sealed Pasternak's papers following his death in 1960; but in the spring of this year a copy mysteriously turned up in Italy and was printed in a magazine, *Il Dramma*, published by Vigorelli in Rome. Pasternak is a unique case. His royalties from *Dr. Zhivago*, including the film rights, were so huge that remitting them through the underground was impractical and dangerous. The money accumulated in European bank accounts and was given by Pasternak to friends and to translators of the novel into various European languages. This is probably one of the few times in publishing history that a translator has been adequately paid.

The irony of all this, from the Soviets' point of view, is that it has been made possible by their refusal to join the I.C.C. Claiming the right to publish Western books, they have lost control of their own. Even writers in good standing sometimes find the system a drag. Like Caldwell in the Soviet Union, Yevgeny Yevtuchenko travels in the United States on his royalties. During his last visit he stopped in at Dutton's for some money. "He didn't want a check," President John Macrae, III, recalls, "so we gave him cash—$1,500 in ten-dollar bills."

Come to think of it, this may be one of the few times in publishing history that a poet has been adequately paid.

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More Than Jewelry and Crystal

By MILLER WILLIAMS

What a man thinks about any particular book of poems is of no importance unless we have some notion of his attitude toward poetry in general, and his special prejudices.

I prefer poems that move something close to the gut rather than poems that don't, and I even suggest that poems that change the temperature of the skin are better than poems that arouse nothing more than intellectual curiosity and an admiration for the virtuosity of the poet. I go back to read a second time those poems in which I find the humanity of the poet.

During the last weeks I have read poem after poem, put together with the skill and compassion with which a mortician applies cosmetics to a cold face. I have no intention of listing the poets who appear to wear prophylactic masks when they write because I have enough faith in the mills of the gods to believe they'll be forgotten soon enough. What I want to do here is help avoid that likely error by leaving a shelf of boring books to the judgment of time in order to expand upon those poets of the past quarter whom I have found not only to be passable craftsmen and wise enough, but plainly human; poets—a sweet relief from Technicians — whose work is more than jewelry, and crystal.

Robert Canzoneri, at his best, writes memorable lyrics—when he is writing, that is, most like Robert Canzoneri. When he is not, he's writing too much like Gerard Manley Hopkins on one hand or Yvor Winters on the other. It is perhaps a measure of the man's range that in *Watch Us Pass* (Ohio State University Press, $5) he echoes two poets of diametrically opposite style, but neither echo works to Canzoneri's advantage. When he sounds like Hopkins, he loses his own credibility:

> Spring comes from under, swells
> in the seed, not cloud; shares dirt
> smells.
> ("Spring Comes from Under")

> Unscarred
> but scared, unstrung, I drop
> bravado, turn and rip
> wide of the web: trip
> an unseen trap, and stop.
> Wrapped.
> ("The Web and the Wing")

And he also loses his credibility when he sounds like Winters:

> Why not just stamp
> Us fit for axes, as each fall you blaze
> Unplanted trees? Or boldly post some
> phrase
> Designed to give us pause?
> ("The Path Impounded")

In his own voice—as believable an illusion of human speech as we are apt to find in rhymed poetry—he gives us such excellent poems as the one about Androcles, "One Lion, Once":

> We could ask Plato, looking back, to
> place
> The abstract qualities
> Of this into a scheme: how many
> rungs
> Of love a beast can seize
> In one great charge, to land (with
> rasping lungs
> And flesh starved to his bones)
> Muzzling like a milk-fed cat at ease
> Against you on your knees.

Canzoneri has fun with the poetry that he won't let himself take too seriously as statements, as soul. There are the effectively simple "Two" and others.

Not all of the poems work, I think, and when they don't it is often because they weren't taken seriously enough as poems. Canzoneri is guilty of a number of too-easy jokes and poor puns. But when he is working in his own best way, in his own voice, he is good to read. In rhyme used gladly and well he builds a clear dramatic situation and tells what happens in an unembarrassed rhythm that makes for a compelling sense of motion.

Daniel Berrigan shows us in *False Gods, Real Men* (Macmillan, $4.95) that a poem *can*, of course, make a point; that a poet can be partisan as a poet. But he demonstrates also how important compassion and a sense of irony are to the partisan poet, how especially redeeming they are when anger and bitterness exist. Berrigan's protest comes out of no hate and is not inflated. His is the agony of seeing a wrong world, without the smugness of the righteous that has been the hallmark of almost all protest poetry. In this Berrigan is much closer to Wilfred Owen than to Robert Bly.

> I touch
> shrapnel and flesh, and risk my
> reason
> for the truth's sake, an ignorant hung
> head.
>
> Man of one book, stand me in stead.
> ("Prayer")

> O for an act of God! we cry, before
> death utterly reduce to dust
> that countenance, that grace
> and beauty.
>
> But
> come wild hope, to dead end. War,
> murder, anguish, fratricide.
>
> No recourse. The case of Jesus Christ
> is closed. Make what you will
> desire, regret, he lies
> stigmatized, a broken God
> the world had sport of.
>
> Risen? we have not turned that page.
> ("Facing It")

Berrigan is humanist enough to know that poems make poor sledgehammers. His are far from that, not only because they are devious, but because the lines are alive. They crawl into the readers like worms. They are not pleasant; they were not meant to be pleasant. But there is nonetheless a sense of joy in the poems for being poems, and in the love that made them.

Berrigan often comes through as a poet wants to, with a human voice. As Berrigan hears that voice it is at once authoritative and believable and full of agony, yet somehow flat, almost a monotone, as muted and even as words mumbled out of a priest's mouth too often. It is, in fact, a mass that Berrigan celebrates, in a communion far more catholic than Catholic. Sometimes it is not easy to know what the priest is about. He writes by indirection, so far from the heavy-handed polemic that the reader—this reader—becomes lost now and then among words that hang precariously together, even for a poem's logic. Still, it is this very feeling of disorientation that does much to work the poem's way, to spell the wrongness and the anguish of the world.

Wilfred Owen said that he was concerned not with poetry, but with "war, and the pity of war." That may be so, but John Johnson has reminded us

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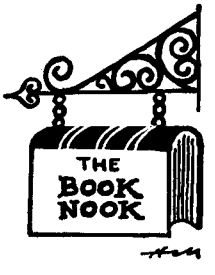

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that "poetry produces the pity; pity does not produce the poetry." Wilfred Owen knew this. Siegfried Sassoon of the World War I poems knew it. Robinson Jeffers knew it. Berrigan knows it. Of all the writers of poems of protest against racial injustice, poverty, the war in Vietnam, I cannot name another who does. The fact is that Daniel Berrigan is found out. At least in certain private moments when he sits down to write—at the best of those moments—he is more interested in poetry than in protest. That is not, of course, a terrible or even a surprising thing to say; no one ever writes good poems to convince anyone of anything. We convince by other means. We write good poems to write good poems.

Barry Spacks has written one of the best first collections of poetry to come off the presses in a long while, and, by any count, one of the most lively books of the quarter. *The Company of Children* (Doubleday, $3.95) has all the qualities that have characterized the finest poetry of any culture at any time—it creates a fragile illusion of conversational speech; it builds itself around a recognizable or imaginable situation. The poet obviously cares about the world he lives with, and has touched it:

> The gods would have us chastened
> through confusion so those who tempt
> the skies' outrage are blessed.
> Though Zeus might be a cupboy for
> the thanks he gets from these,
> the pretty boys who'd fall asleep
> disputing with slow Socrates,
> they're still the ones who catch the
> key equations and laugh to straw the
> schoolmen and the schools; they win
> the game by changing all the rules.
>
> Small comfort to the sane, who do
> their best, to find we cherish maddening exceptions: the lines that need not
> scan; the gulfs in nature; the odds and
> irritants our cosmic oyster cannot
> digest
> as the pearl grows precious by queer
> success.
>
> ("The Outrageously Blessed")

I don't always believe Spacks when he tells me something. At times he strains for effect, overdoes it and blows a good poem. Too often he goes flat at the end of a poem. And occassionally a private metaphor such as this from "Freshman" slams a door in my face:

> there are some
> so wise their eyes
> are birdbites. . . .

I wonder if I ought to know what a birdbite looks like?

But more important than any such problem—to my mind—is the warm hope which lies in the first book of verse by a poet who is not afraid of meaning, who is healthy enough to address himself to the world outside himself, who is not embarrassed to be moved by the world and does not hide from it behind the transparent masks of obscurantism, abstractionism, and new directionism. Spacks is going to make a place for himself. He wears good rags already, in a land where hardly a crown prince has any clothes at all.

The most notable mark of Richard Wilbur's *Walking to Sleep: New Poems and Translations* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95) is a heaviness of beat and rhyme that ought not to be—we are conditioned to believe—but is nevertheless a pleasure to the ear. It is like some of Pope or Ciardi's Dante. There is something game-like, even childlike, about it.

> Another cove of shale,
> But the beach here is rubbled with
> strange rock
> That is sleek, fluent, and taffy-pale.
> I stare, reminded with a little shock
> How, by a shore in Spain, George
> Borrow saw
> A hundred women basking in the raw.
>
> They must have looked like this,
> That catch of bodies on the sand, that
> strew
> Of rondure, crease, and orifice,
> Lap, flank, and knee—a too abundant
> view
> Which, though he'd had the lenses of
> a fly,
> Could not have waked desire in
> Borrow's eye.
>
> ("On the Marginal Way")

One relishes reading a poet who finds joy in the simplest devices of poetry. Wilbur may be among our most innocent poets, and so among our most wise. The cow has jumped over the moon for a long time in the lines of no mean poem. Which is not to imply anything simplistic about Wilbur's work, but only that he has not become overly sophisticated, overly intellectual. He is no Prufrock. He still celebrates repeated patterns of sound and sight that gave rise to the first poetry and which must remain a part of any poetry that lasts.

He writes of rocks and gulls and fern beds and seed leaves, and I am surprised to find myself caring what he has to say about them. It is something in his matter-of-factness and purity of statement—a sense of his fascination with the *things* of earth as Roethke was fascinated—that hold me and make me care. Few poets—Whitman, Neruda, Roethke, Dickey and one or two others of extraordinary spirit—have communicated so deep and glad a compassion for everything. Wilbur's "Seed Leaves" should be in the introduction to every botany text.

> Here something stubborn comes,
> Dislodging the earth crumbs
> And making crusty rubble.
> It comes up bending double,
> And looks like a green staple.
> It could be seedling maple,
> Or artichoke, or bean.
> That remains to be seen.
>
> Forced to make choice of ends,
> The stalk in time unbends,
> Shakes off the seed-case, heaves
> Aloft, and spreads two leaves
> Which still display no sure
> And special signature.
> Toothless and fat, they keep
> The oval form of sleep.
>
> This plant would like to grow
> And yet be embryo;
> Increase, and yet escape
> The doom of taking shape;
> Be vaguely vast, and climb
> To the tip end of time
> With all of space to fill,
> Like boundless Igdrasil
> That has the stars for fruit.
>
> But something at the root
> More urgent than that urge
> Bids two true leaves emerge,
> And now the plant, resigned
> To being self-defined
> Before it can commerce
> With the great universe,
> Takes aim at all the sky
> And starts to ramify.

Wilbur is not always so compassionate. He can, in fact, be downright petulant. "A Miltonic Sonnet for Mr. Johnson on His Refusal of Peter Hurd's Official Portrait" is not childlike but childish and unworthy of Wilbur. That he is surely correct in his evaluation of Johnson—"Wait, Sir, and see how time will render you,/Who talk of vision but are weak of sight"—is irrelevant. Nothing in poetry is less important than fact.

But Wilbur doesn't fiddle around with this sort of thing much; often, in the poems that come through to me most strongly, he is unwinding a story from the world within his head. Few poets have been able to tell a short story well in a poem. Of those writing today only James Dickey in his way and John Ciardi in his—so far as I know—have been able to do so. In "The Agent" Wilbur tells a moving story and

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demonstrates that if there is, as I suspect, a move afoot toward short fiction built on the devices of poetry, he will be among the innovators of the form. It is this, the handling of fictional details in verse, that has been of greatest interest in the later work of both Ciardi and Dickey.

Wilbur's long title poem, which is a kind of imperative short story, is interesting line by line, and it has phrases that will hold any reader's eye.

> As a queen sits down, knowing that a chair will be there,
> Or a general raises his hand and is given the field-glasses,
> Step off assuredly into the blank of your mind.
> Something will come to you.

But reading the poem I experienced a curious feeling of boredom with the work even as I liked the lines one by one. The problem, if my ear is right, may be a tendency on Wilbur's part to fill out the metrics of his line with stage business in such a way that the poem comes to be Shakesperean in movement, but simply wordy in statement and ultimately hard to follow:

> Detach some portion of your thought to guard
> The outside of the building; as you wind
> From room to room, leave nothing at your back,
> But slough all memories at every threshold;
> Nor must you dream of opening any door
> Until you have foreseen what lies beyond it.
> Regardless of its seeming size, or what
> May first impress you as its style or function,
> The abrupt structure which involves you now
> Will improvise like vapor.

Wilbur's re-creations of the poems of Borges, Akhmatova, Voznesensky, D'Orléans and Villon are excellent. Unless a so-called translator is building a running dictionary for the student of a foreign language, there is no point in transliterating a poem; the first thing a reader ought to ask of a poem carried across the borders of language is that it work as a poem in the second tongue. These do. There is no hint of the "translated" sound that rides so rudely on the lines of poems which have been jerked out of one language and set in another like draftees in boot camp who are still obviously farmers from Idaho. These works are clearly Wilbur, as Wilbur reads his colleagues, past and present. Some of them are close to Wilbur at his best. It is a worn-out thing to say that this section alone is worth the price of the book. When it is true, it is difficult not to say it.

Fiction

HOUSE OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTIES

by Yasunari Kawabata, translated from the Japanese by Edward G. Seidensticker
Kodansha International, 149 pp., $4.50.

ARE YOU AFRAID OF PEOPLE? Of individuals in all their howling singularity? Do you carry somewhere deep inside you a primitive awareness that other human beings are the most baffling, complex, unpredictable phenomena you will ever have to cope with on this earth?

This is the theme of the three stories contained in 1968 Nobel Laureate Yasunari Kawabata's *House of the Sleeping Beauties*, in which the author explores the fear that compels a man to try to reduce other persons to things, or to replace them with less threatening creatures.

There is an astonishing honesty of vision in the title story about an old man who both needs and dreads to have other people close to him. Unlike the regular customers of the House of the Sleeping Beauties, Eguchi retains a touch of sexual potency. The house was designed to enable old men near death to pass the night with lovely young girls, so heavily drugged they would not waken no matter what was done to them. Although their virginity was considered safe, the other ways in which they might be used while asleep were not overlooked; the proprietress warns Eguchi that he must not "put his finger in the mouth of the sleeping girl, or try anything else of that sort."

Old Eguchi is the only real character in this story. The girls are mere presences, but intensely physical ones, and Eguchi dwells long on the details of their flesh, hair, nails, color and, especially, odor. Somewhat aroused by his inspections, Eguchi moves to take one of the girls in her sleep, whatever the consequences. He is, however, startled and frightened off by the actuality of her virginity.

In much of Kawabata's work virginity is a powerful and mysterious force, almost a focus of worship. In this story it emerges clearly as an aspect of his fascination with the effort to keep human relations as neat—*i.e.*, inhuman—as possible. Virginity is "clean," an adjective Kawabata's characters apply to a landscape, a woman's genitals, or the entire quality of a human relationship.

Eguchi's experiences in the House trigger a series of memories and nightmares about his lovers, wife, daughters, and a fourteen-year-old prostitute, revealing finally how barren all these relationships were and leading to a fierce determination to reach somehow, anyhow, these sleeping girls who are only the latest manifestation of the unreachable other. But their evasion is complete—and completely ironic, since they are wholly available as flesh. The result is that old Eguchi has an ever stronger desire to hurt, even to kill one of them. Thus he is led to consider the next step in minimizing a human relationship. He asks for the same potent drug that is given to the girls. Then the step beyond that: death, and the utter "neatness" of two corpses lying side by side through the night, growing cold together.

In the short "One Arm," a fantasy dating from the 1930s, a young man

spends the night with the arm of a young girl, which she removes and lends to him. He passes the hours rehearsing his fears, and when he tries, as she has suggested, to replace one of his arms with hers, he is seized with panic. He tears her arm from his shoulder and flings it away, unable to unite with even this small portion of another.

In the longer and more recent "Of Birds and Beasts" the narrator is a middle-aged man who has abandoned as far as possible relations with humans, preferring animals and birds. This is some gain: fear-based actions that might earn him mockery or retaliation from people now lead only to the suffering and destruction of pets, and to some small mourning. Again Kawabata uses external events to unwind the narrator's memories—in this case, the details of a long but sterile affair with a dancer.

The focus and strategy of these three stories, though written over a span of years, is essentially the same. They reveal a lasting and lucid vision of one aspect of human fear. The honesty with which that vision is allowed to appear in the pages of this book has finally clarified for me Kawabata's preoccupations with the relationship between persons and non-persons and with metaphors clustering around virginity and "cleanness," which have puzzled me again and again as I have read him over the years. Someone, I think, chose these stories very carefully, someone deeply sensitive to Kawabata's whole life work, probably the only man sensitive enough to Kawabata's style to have come near to rendering it

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successfully into English—the translator, Edward G. Seidensticker.

Years ago in Japan a friend casually referred to Kawabata as the inventor of the *haiku* novel. In those days I shared more fully than I knew my culture's tendency to reduce mystery by carefully describing its peripheral aspects in mechanical terms. Thinking that *haiku* was a matter of syllable count, sound agreement, seasonal reference, etc., I was puzzled—as puzzled as you might be by the phrase "sonnet novel," if you think the technicians' formula concerning meter, rhyme scheme, number of lines, etc., says something important about sonnets. In time I came to understand that the term *haiku* refers to a certain quality of vision that is adequately named only by the works of art it has shaped. As an attempt at defining that quality I offer: reduction to essence, the power of suggestiveness, restraint from discursive comment, the drama inherent in *seeing*, freshness, boldness, simplicity.

Like the sonnet vision, which focuses on the resolution of conflict, the *haiku* vision can produce strong or weak experience. The strong experiences provided by any art preserve our dreams, safeguard our mysteries, offer illumination. Since prose fiction is the artistic strategy most successfully employed by the technicians who would turn every art form into just one more means of manipulating people and minimizing any possibility of illumination, the term "*haiku* novel" says something important about just what it is Yasunari Kawabata does with words. He does it well.

Thomas Fitzsimmons

Thomas Fitzsimmons, who teaches English at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan, has lived in Japan.

THE COFFER DAMS

by Kamala Markandaya
John Day, 256 pp., $5.95.

KAMALA MARKANDAYA'S NEW BOOK is supposed to be a grand-scale novel of the new India: hulking cranes in the jungle, stiff white ribs rising to curb a mighty river, TNT exploding in the faces of tribesmen, a monsoon-crazed *memsahib* who won't believe the Empire has fallen, British bosses who don't believe it either but go through the motions of respect, Indian engineers who despise their continued dependence on the former masters, and the juggernaut of technology hurtling on, more powerful and inevitable now than jungle or monsoon.

But the men are stick figures, and the morals are handed out on trays like airline lunches.

Howard Clinton owns the British firm that has contracted with the Indian government to build the Great Dam. He is identified with steel and concrete, schedules, efficiency, and the finished product. "Clinton was nearly always right," his partner reflected, "it was just that he seemed to miss out somewhere on the human level."

Helen Clinton is as tender as her husband is steely. She stands for compassion, the priority of flesh over machines, the primal kinship between man and nature. We know this because she masters the local language, roams tirelessly through the jungle, has an affair with a handsome tribesman.

Brutal accidents plague the builders, already racing against time and the impending rains. But the disasters are as predictable as Howard's work schedule or Helen's next speech. Dialogue is uniformly unnatural. Narrated events lack clarity and color. No wonder, then, that the intended shock and suspense fail to materialize.

It is in descriptive phrases and passages that the author is at her best, noting how a restive audience cringed like "oyster flesh under lemon juice," or how Helen caught a glimpse of the attractive Bashiam "and something in her shifted, very slightly like a few grains in a sand hill whose movement indefinably alters the whole structure." There is a subtly erotic scene where she and Bashiam accompany a bird-catcher to the thick of the forest before dawn to watch him capture live, with net and lime and reed-flute, the mynas, finches, cuckoos, bulbuls, and other breeds that proliferate in the jungle. Lying in damp vegetation beside the man who is not yet her lover, Helen begins to quiver as the low birdcalls sound; long shudders become "molten assaults against her rib cage," till she glances at Bashiam: "his eyes were brilliant, lust lay like a heavy bloom on his lips which were parted over sharp white teeth like an animal close on quarry and she knew then that . . . that was how she looked."

Miss Markandaya seems to write best about what she values most: organic things, earth and flesh. The rest of the novel—industrial drama, intercultural confrontation, socio-economic dislocation—flows by leaving hardly a mark; water over the dam.

Linda Hess

Linda Hess is a former editor for the Asia Society's Asian Literature Program.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

BEASTLY VERBS

Another word-game from the team of the Rev. Wesley D. Osborne of Yonkers, N. Y., Mrs. Osborne, and their teen-age daughter Anne. This time you are to fill the blanks with mammals, the name of each being spelled the same as the verb defined alongside (e.g., *overawe: buffalo*). The key to the zoo is on page 63.

1. outwit _____
2. imitate _____
3. intimidate _____
4. carry _____
5. resist _____
6. search out _____
7. nag at _____
8. equivocate _____
9. tamper _____
10. guide _____
11. force into place _____
12. eat greedily _____
13. inform treacherously _____
14. close completely _____
15. follow persistently _____
16. take an unfair share _____

The Complete Walker

by COLIN FLETCHER

• **"Jammed with the most accurate and most objective** sort of advice for anyone who walks with a pack on his back . . . The hiker's Bible."—*Field and Stream*

• **Sierra Club Bulletin** says it "Should probably be called **the definitive work on camping and hiking."**

Illus. $6.95. ALFRED·A·KNOPF

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The Press

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER

by Gay Talese
World, 555 pp., $10.

LAST THING ON EARTH the average newspaperman might have thought of as a viable subject for a lively anecdotal book has to be *The New York Times*, the good gray dull old paper of record just off Times Square. As almost everyone knows, *The Times* has the intelligent New York metropolitan field virtually to itself now that the late lamented *Herald Tribune* and the big afternoon papers are no more; to millions of important Americans it is the only paper they always read. Limiting each daily edition to ninety-six pages, limiting the gigantic Sunday *Times* in no discernible way whatever, the paper dominates the largest and most powerful policy-making population in the United States and is in its way our one great national newspaper. How it got there and the people who made this happen are the warp and woof of Gay Talese's amazing amalgam of gossip, fact, history, and inside stuff made eminently entertaining for anyone except those unfortunate *Times* writers, editors, or managers who take their turns under an often cruel microscope.

The Kingdom and the Power is no company-inspired biography, though Talese worked on *The Times* for a decade and later spent untold hours bird-dogging the cast of characters both in the fourteen-story monolith on West 43rd Street and on the outside as they covered the world. We see an aging Arthur Krock stubbornly holding on to the Washington Bureau James (Scotty) Reston covets; we are at ringside when Clifton Daniel, the dandified managing editor, and young Tom Wicker in Washington battle it out for survival; we shudder at Lester Markel's unfettered power as Sunday editor and side sympathetically with those afflicted by his retributive approach to journalism and journalists. We suffer with patient Orvil Dryfoos and the formidable Sulzberger family during the interminable 1962-63 newspaper strike, which eventually kills off four New York dailies, including, alas, the competitive *Herald Tribune*. And we can only wonder at young Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, known to the staff as "Punch," who as a holidaying reporter with the Paris Bureau is eyewitness to the tragic auto race at Le Mans, where eighty-three spectators die when a driver loses control of his auto—and who, horrified by the sight, never thinks to call *The Times*.

All or almost all of the famous bylines are characters here: Harrison Salisbury, Clive Barnes, Charlotte Curtis, Herbert Matthews, A. H. Raskin, Meyer Berger, Brooks Atkinson, Reston, Wicker, and Krock. So are the top editors, whom the public knows less well: Carr Van Anda and Frederick T. Birchall, Edwin L. James and Turner Catledge, Daniel and Markel, Robert Garst and Theodore Bernstein, Adolph Ochs and Charles Merz. Every conceivable detail piles in upon the reader until, I must admit, one knows more about *The Times* than he cares to. But if bitchy in spots, most of the book is readable, and from what I know professionally and have heard from *Times* staffers who saw some of it in *Harper's* and *Esquire* the account is generally on target. Structurally, however, Mr. Talese is almost at once in deep water through his pervasive method of anecdote and personality profile, which of necessity leaps from time crag to time crag with disconcerting anachronism.

The passages concerning ECD (for Elbert Clifton Daniel) are the most gossipy and, it seemed to me, way out of proportion to his value in the total *Times* story. Here's an example of Daniel anecdote, this one involving his meeting and courtship of Margaret Truman, the President's daughter:

> She had been out to a dinner party, and afterward at the urging of her escort they stopped in at another party at the home of Mrs. George Backer, a friend of Daniel's from the war years in London. Daniel had recently returned from a foreign assignment in Moscow, but at this point in 1955 he had given up reporting and had begun to move up the executive ladder of *The Times*. He had been introduced to Margaret by Mrs. Backer that night, and to this day he can remember very sharply the smallest details. He can remember the way Margaret wore her hair, her shoes, her wonderful complexion, never suggested in her photographs, and the dark blue Fontana dress with the plunging neckline, he not resisting the temptation of looking downward and being impressed with what he saw. They conversed in the corner for a good while that night, Daniel telling Margaret that if she, the daughter of a prominent political figure, had been reared in Russia she would be practically unknown because the politicians there shun publicity for their families. This interested her, and he continued to talk in his worldly way, and before she left he had made a date for lunch. Five months later, in the spring of 1956, in an Episcopal church in Independence, Missouri . . . they were married.

Gay Talese—an amalgam of gossip, fact, history and sour scandal.

On the other hand, Mr. Talese does us all yeoman service with his detailed report of *The Times*'s voluntary suppression of the real facts in The Bay of Pigs debacle. Here's a sampling:

> Orvil Dryfoos, following the advice of his close friend James Reston, ordered the story toned down, moved to a less prominent place on the page, its headline minimized, and any reference to the imminence of the invasion eliminated. It was in the national interest to withhold certain vital facts from the American people, including the CIA involvement, Dryfoos and Reston felt, but other *Times* editors strongly disagreed. One of them, according to Daniel, became so infuriated that he quivered with emotion and turned "dead white" and demanded that Dryfoos himself come down from the publisher's office and personally order *The Times*' self-censorship. Dryfoos did, justifying it on grounds of national security and concern for the safety of the men preparing to offer their lives on the beaches of Cuba. But after the invasion had failed, Daniel said later, even President Kennedy conceded that perhaps *The Times* had been overly protective of American interests; if *The Times* had printed all it knew about the Cuban venture beforehand, Kennedy suggested, the invasion might have been canceled and the bloody fiasco avoided.

The Bay of Pigs exposure is the sort of historic revelation that makes a biography of man or manor well worth a reader's time. I'm not sure that the dirty linen Mr. Talese washes in public or his tedious personal judgments of *Times* staffers are as valuable. In a way the sour scandal blights what might have been a definitive explanation of *The Times*, perhaps the most potent single journalistic force this democracy has ever known.

Richard L. Tobin

Richard L. Tobin was on the Herald Tribune staff for twenty-four years.

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Personal History

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD: Strictly Personal

by Bo Beskow
Doubleday, 191 pp., $5.95.

COMPARATIVELY FEW OF THE MANY who came into contact with Dag Hammarskjöld were permitted to see the man behind the mask he preferred to wear in public. On becoming Secretary-General of the United Nations he had warned that his personal life would be "off limits" for publicity, saying, "In my new official capacity the private man should disappear and the international civil servant take his place." Obviously, one who lived in the cloisters of diplomacy preferred this arrangement; but journalists, in particular, were frustrated, and legends sprang up that were mistaken for fact.

The official front Dag Hammarskjöld tried to present to the world was probably meant to be more or less constant, yet frequently it revealed surprising contrasts—arrogance and humility, boldness and diffidence, impatience and forbearance. To try to understand such a complicated personality from his speeches, state papers and communiqués written as an international civil servant is as difficult as attempting to analyze a star from a sketch on a drawing board. Dag Hammarskjöld's personal letters, delicately inscribed in blue-green ink, reveal a range of moods and the restless probing of a brilliant intellect into many areas of life in search of both meaning and pleasure. The few chosen to share some part of these experiences were mostly professional associates and personalities in letters and the arts with whom Hammarskjöld had a warm affinity. They might have helped to satisfy the general curiosity about the man, but on entering his world they seemed to accept his condition of privacy.

Now Dag Hammarskjöld belongs to history, which exacts a price from those who played major roles in his life. If Hammarskjöld's definitive biography is to be written—as it must be someday—the people who knew him will have to reminisce for the record, and his letters to them must be made available for publication.

The Swedish artist Bo Beskow in his slim volume called *Dag Hammarskjöld: Strictly Personal* offers some interesting quotations from hitherto unpublished correspondence, candid photographs showing Hammarskjöld in rare relaxation, charming crayon sketches of boyhood scenes he made for his goddaughter (Beskow's daughter), anecdotes that sometimes tell more about the author than the subject. The book is a contribution to the

—©*Karsh, from Rapho Guillumette.*
Dag Hammarskjöld—"surprising."

source material for a subsequent full portrait.

Beskow rightly concedes that he is not pretending to present "the only true profile." Rather, he calls his effort "a sketch of the man I remember." As such it need not be faulted for lack of depth, although it adds little to our understanding of a unique personality. Nor is there evidence that in the nine years of their friendship Beskow was privy to the major issues with which Hammarskjöld wrestled during most of his years at the United Nations.

But the author presents Dag Hammarskjöld as a warm human being rather than the impersonal diplomat of the public image. Their friendship began in November 1952 when the future Secretary-General asked the artist to paint his portrait. The association was extended to include Beskow's wife, Greta, whom Dag nicknamed "Ondine." During his first year at the U.N. Hammarskjöld gratefully accepted Beskow's help in finding a cottage near the artist's own home in "the wild beach area of Sandhammaren," on the windswept southeastern tip of Sweden. Hammarskjöld wrote Beskow: "You know how much I like the Sandhammaren country which seems to provide a perfect refuge, not only when I manage to escape from here but perhaps even more so when I get back to Sweden after the end of this adventure." Another cottage in the area, which Dag bought later and Beskow fixed up for him, was never occupied. Hammarskjöld's will directed the artist to put on display there pieces of art and furniture from his upper East Side New York apartment. Beskow made the selection and then sold his own house. He has never visited the Hammarskjöld cottage since, because, he says, "It can never be Dag's home—it must be a museum of curiosa for paying tourists to gape at."

Beskow was with Hammarskjöld and a small party of his aides at the Secretary-General's American country home in Brewster, New York, on the weekend before the fatal trip to Africa. Dag showed great tension. His bodyguard, Don Thomas, told the author that he had "sat up all night, listening to the birds and watching the sunrise."

In a letter to Beskow on October 20, 1956, the year of the simultaneous Suez and Hungarian crises, Hammarskjöld wrote: "Suez was my third child. The parents arrived in a state of great bewilderment and some fury. God knows how this will end—but the brat cries less now and perhaps, with good assistance, I can teach it to walk." There followed a less than diplomatic comment on one of the personalities with whom he had to deal: "Your characterization of Krishna Menon is absolutely right: he is the whimsical self-important Aunt who runs around bothering everybody."

Another letter hinted at what was to be so evident in Hammarskjöld's posthumously-published *Markings*: the importance to him of religion. He said, "My salvation is to 'take the job damned seriously but never the incumbent'—but it has its difficulties. The roads to a basic conviction that in the deepest sense is religious can be most unexpected." In line with this basic conviction Hammarskjöld decided to turn the Meditation Room into a chamber of "quiet and stillness," and he asked Beskow to execute a mural. He invited the artist to stay with him in his 73rd Street apartment. Beskow agreed, but explained that his wife would be with him. To which the Secretary-General replied apologetically, "Well, there *are* two guest rooms, but I am afraid you two will have to share the same bathroom."

Pauline Frederick

Pauline Frederick is U.N. correspondent for NBC News.

In the center of the prominent medical, business, educational community, a hotel in the quiet European tradition.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

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Durrell

Continued from page 29

asks Alan Thomas in one of the letters printed in *Spirit of Place*:

> Myself I read one of the sciences. The most exact one to date is demonology. It is fun to follow the growth of science out of magic and demonology, and see it declining again in our time back to magic, its parent. WE SHALL NEVER KNOW ANYTHING. The Victorians tried to destroy our psyche by their cheap watch-chain certainty, their half-hunter universe. Thank God someone had the sense to break it wide open and uncage the real mysteries for us to feed on.

Those "real mysteries" are the ones that have always "disordered" the arts. They show up in fiction as intrusive sermonizings, as characters who are "inconsistent" or who, as in Faulkner, speak an impossible, inappropriate, but always psychologically right language. In poetry, those mysteries lead some writers to flat statements that break out of formal patterns.

What we need, what we will certainly get, is an esthetic with room in its schemes to accommodate the irrational, the magical, the passionate life of the work, a life that permits author and audience to enter into fluctuating, elaborate communions. As the bureaucracies of the world superimpose abstract establishment on still more abstract establishment (haven't we at the moment a bureaucratic establishment of the Left neatly lined up opposite a bureaucratic establishment of the Right?), the artist—private, personal man—offers us his unique image, for life itself, the tight cage of his art that is always at the point or just past the point of breaking open. Beneath the stretched forms of his craft something bulges that throbs, that transforms itself, that miraculously becomes visible to us only because it is momentarily contained enough to be available in one small space.

This new esthetic may very well see art not in terms of an arrangement of things but rather in terms of intersecting fields of energy. The work may emerge from this criticism not as an object to be isolated for study but rather as a continuing dialogue between the shaping artist and his inventive audience, both of them necessary to create the device that is their communication. So understood, the work of art becomes a word they share yet never quite understand, a mutually voiced word that lifts itself out of the dim past of the race saying always and incomprehensively "I AM."

Now what can I say of this miscellany that I have not reviewed? That in almost every letter, every homage to a town or an island, every fragmentary piece of fiction included between its covers we meet the energy, the abundance of a major artist. Always—whether in such set pieces as "Women of the Mediterranean" or such portraits as "Laura" and "Old Mathieu" —Durrell finds a way to intrude the feeling man's brilliant, gratuitous insight. He stands before the extraordinary Ideal Palace of Hauterives, "a sort of giant wedding-cake of styles and moods." The weird hand-built stone structure was for thirty-three years the obsessive daily avocation of a French village postman named Cheval who, finishing it at last, proposed to be buried in it. Denied permission by the town clerics to be interred in his own creation, he spent another ten years building himself a tomb in the local churchyard. Looking at the Ideal Palace, Durrell finds it "troubling and exciting."

> Then, all of a sudden, I understood why this whole piece of work enjoyed a kind of completeness of its own, the kind of completeness which only true works of art enjoy. The Facteur had been neither a madman nor somebody trying to show off. He had responded to the sacred vision honestly, that was all; he had actually copied his dream accurately, trusting it implicitly to carry him where it would, faithful only to it. There was, so to speak, not a dishonest thought, a *factice* element in the whole of this grotesque monument. In fact one might characterize it as a "naturalistic" work—for where your naturalistic painter reproduces nature as fairly as he sees it, so did the Facteur Cheval. . . . If he had been a Surrealist, a gimmick-artist, a Dali, something would have smelt wrong about the whole work.
>
> As it was, it had an extraordinary perfection, a repose . . .

The effect of Durrell's engagement, his rich involvement in life, is contagious. The reader puts the book down, sometimes halfway through a sentence, convinced that he must do something of a creative sort quickly, make a reply before the dialogue drifts out of hearing; paint a masterpiece, bake a cake, plaster a ceiling, make love, anything will do—even a non-review that I hope communicates one sort of truth about its not-quite-subject.

"And, you great majority out there who are apathetic about the issues of our times, vote for me! I'm apathetic about them, too."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1349

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1349 will be found in the next issue.

VCCX YNWWXRPV GCPBRBSB RP GCPGWZDRPV ECA LHGE AW SERPU CI CHNBWDQWB ZPX ECA DRSSDW AW SERPU CI SEW CSEWN TWNBCP.

—LZNU SAZRP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1348

Always study the vices of a people, not its virtues. Virtues are always the same wherever you go.
—AUBREY MENEN.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The Cognoscenti Abroad—V: Julián Marías's Madrid

JULIAN MARIAS, Spain's foremost living philosopher, offers the theory that Madrid is a better place to live in than to visit. "It is neither sumptuous, nor old, nor architecturally arresting," Marías said, sipping coffee in the Lion Café on Alcalá Street, Madrid's bustling Broadway. "It is just another megalopolis of three million souls where, despite siestas, a civil war, and the Spanish reputation for sloth, there is never a water shortage, the sewage system works, and fires are promptly put out. However much this may recommend it to Madrileños, it hardly puts Madrid on a par with Paris and Rome as a tourist trap."

Marías, a stubby, quick-smiling man of fifty-four, is Spain's first winner of the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Award for intellectual achievement. He is one of thirty-six members of the Royal Spanish Academy; he teaches at several American colleges in Madrid, and he has served as a visiting professor at a half-dozen top-rated American universities ranging from Harvard to UCLA. Among his more than thirty books are two on the United States, one on the great Spanish philosopher Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo, and another on his good friend and teacher José Ortega y Gasset, with whom he founded Spain's Institute of Humanities.

"Madrid," he went on, "was nothing but a little Arab outpost called Magerit. Then kings came to hunt. After it became the capital in 1561, under Philip II, noblemen were forbidden to build palatial homes. In the 1920s, entire sections of the old city were razed and replaced with these awful buildings of that tasteless era. Today, even trees are torn down to build subways and superhighways. Our cartoonist Mingote summed up the situation in a picture of a Madrileño pointing out to a tourist a single tree in a traffic-jammed street. 'That,' he said, 'is old Madrid.'"

We plunged into the maze surrounding the Puerta del Sol, pivot of the older portion of the city. In the Calle Sacramento, the Plaza San Xavier, and the Street of the Fish vestiges of the seventeenth century were visible, but Madrid's overall aspect was drab. Even the Plaza Mayor, touted as the twin of Paris's Place des Vosges and an apogee of seventeenth-century city planning, has been torn up to make space for five levels of subterranean parking. The Plaza de Oriente with the Royal Palace, statues of kings, and the Church of the Incarnation held a hint of grandeur. But Marías, indicating the adjacent Plaza de Ramales, sighed. "Once a church stood there with the remains of Velázquez. But like the trees, the mantillas, and the monarchy, both the church and Velázquez have disappeared."

From the balustrade of the garden surrounding the Royal Palace, we surveyed the valley of the Manzanares, a vast, sere, and almost empty plain stretching toward the snowcapped Sierra de Guadarrama. Borrowing from the great writer Valle Inclán, Marías said, "The reds, browns, and yellows of the valley are the colors of Goya. The blues, greens, and golds of the mountains and skies are from the palette of Velázquez. That is Madrid, a conflict of two tendencies: Goya, product of the people, and Velázquez, painter of kings. To know the kings, one must visit the Prado. To know Madrid, one must, like Goya, understand the people and their way of life."

Marías's way of life, apart from family and his courses and seminars, has two foci. One is the Revista de Occidente, where three times a week he talks philosophy and literature with his fellow academicians and professors. The other is the Café de Roma on Calle Serrano, where on some evenings he discusses literature, music, movies, and politics with writer friends. "Yes, we can talk politics in Spain—we have freedom of the tongue. But as writers we talk mostly about books. In other countries, books are superior to their authors. You admire the book, but are disappointed when you meet the man who wrote it. In Spain, it is the other way around. Our authors put their best ideas and expressions into conversation. Their talk is much better than their books."

The Madrileño word for talk, *tertulia*, refers to daily meetings in bars and cafés. "Taxi drivers, *toreros*, bankers, barbers, architects, accountants, all belong to their own *tertulias*. In each there is someone witty, experienced, or wise who leads the talk. When he was alive Ortega y Gasset led two *tertulias* daily at the Revista de Occidente. He had a way with words, and it is only in words that Spaniards are wealthier than Americans. Ortega used to say, 'I am I and my circumstance. My circumstance is Madrid. And the soul of Madrid is the *tertulia*!'"

The *tertulia* rests on two philosophic foundations. "One," said Marías, "is our concept of friendship. If there were such a thing as a table of friendship-frequencies—the number of people one sees each day for purely personal reasons and for no other purpose than the pleasure of talk—Madrid would top all the world's cities. Americans walk a mile for a Camel. Madrileños walk a mile to meet a friend. The *tertulia*'s other philosophic foundation is our concept of time. We think of time as composed of three parts. One part is the time one sells to earn a living. A second part is 'no-man's time,' time lost in waiting for a traffic light to change or for a telephone to be answered. The third part is the time one gives to the work he loves and to his friends. Sadly, 'no-man's time' and 'sold time' are expanding while the time with friends contracts. But unlike an American, a Madrileño doesn't like to look busy. He conceals work. He struggles against the odds of modern life to preserve that third part, that precious part of time for the *tertulia*.

"The *tertulia* influences everything in Madrid from mealtimes to bullfights. Life is absurd, and so it fits to eat absurdly as we do. But there's method to the Madrileño's madness. Having lunch at 2 gives me time for an hour's talk. Dining at 10 means two more hours for *tertulias*. American mealtimes seem sensible, but they leave no time for talk. In America, one gets home at 6, gulps a martini, eats at 7, watches TV, and life is over at 10. Here, at 10 one eats, one talks, one goes to the movies."

Marías writes a weekly movie column for the *Gaceta Ilustrada*. "When I lived in Los Angeles, I sat by myself and watched television, because for practical purposes there were only two theaters near my home. In Madrid, there are twenty theaters within a ten-minute walk from where I live. Madrileños don't sit alone at home and watch TV. Movies take them out of the house, into the streets, into crowded situations where during intermissions and after the show film-fans enjoy their own *tertulias*."

Analyzing the cult of the sports fan,

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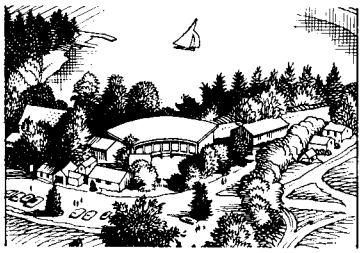

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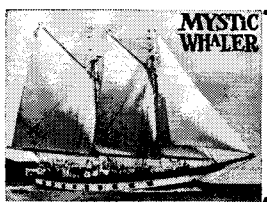

SET SAIL

smack against the tide of travel conformity! New England coast June-Oct. Virgin Islands Dec.-May Brochure: MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Conn.

Marías said, "In America and in Spanish football, fans shout together for the team. Their voice is collective. Led by cheerleaders, their words form a chant. But go to a bullfight and what do you hear? Thousands of individuals each talking directly, personally, originally to the *torero*, giving advice and opinions to the bull, exchanging intimate thoughts with their neighbors. It is in companionship and conversation, not in killing, that the Spaniard finds his supreme satisfaction. The spirit of *tertulia* invests all Spanish sport."

Madrid's major sport is *chateo*—wandering from tavern to tavern to drink tiny tumblers of wine and eat *tapas*, the endless array of snacks that adorn the counters of Madrid's bars and cafés. The word derives from *tapa hambre*, "cover hunger." Eating meager breakfasts and postponing lunch and dinner to permit time for talk, Madrileños keep covering their hunger with fragments of shrimp, squid, kid, sea spider, eels, mussels, sausage, liver, hake, haddock, lobster, tripe, chicken, beans, and myriad other morsels eaten with toothpicks which, when counted up, comprise the bill. A few of the more popular *tascas*, or taverns, are La Bola, near the Royal Palace, for fried eggplant; Maxi on Calle Toledo for fish; and the Asturian on Calle Echegaray for *fabada*, a stew of beans and blood sausage, *cabrales*, goat cheese of unspeakable odor and exquisite taste, and *sidra* poured by the bartender behind his back from a pitcher held high—a flashy performance resulting in much spilled cider but adding effervescence to the drink.

To a stranger *tapas* may sate the hunger. To Madrileños *tapas* are but harbingers of Lucullan feasts in which hunger is completely smothered under exotic specialties from every province of the peninsula. Spain consists of three culinary strips. The Mediterranean strip is Roman where food is cooked in iron pans called *paellas*. In the central highlands where sheep are raised, meat is baked or barbecued *a la castellana*. In the northern strip from Catalonia to Galicia people cook sausage, beans, and vermicelli stews in *potes* or earthenware pots. In Madrid, there is a wide choice: for the paella and seafood of the south, Oscar's at 2 Villa Nueva; for *lechal*, milk-fed lamb roasted over green oak, San Isidro's in the Plaza del Marques Comillas; for roast suckling pig, Botins in the Calle de Cuchilleros. And even beef, which Spaniards used to raise solely for hides and tallow, is now served on sizzling hot plates at the Casa Paco in the Puerta Cerrada.

After a light lunch of *gazpacho*, a cold, zesty soup from Andalusia, *arroz Valenciana*, shellfish, sausage, and chicken baked in saffron rice, and a *queso de burgos*, fresh cheese of coagulated milk served with preserves and powdered sugar, even Marías was full. "So much," he said, "for the Madrid of the people. It is time for the Prado and the kings."

The Prado earns its billing as the monarch of museums. A week was not enough to exhaust its wonders. "It is," Marías explained, "a passionate museum built not by curators but by royal connoisseurs who, ranging as rulers from the enlightened Charles V, the Prado's founder, to Ferdinand VII, a reactionary and oppressive king, held in common a love of art, unerring taste, and both the urge and means to build up the royal collection. Unlike the Louvre and other museums that are loaded with loot, the Prado's paintings were all purchased, commissioned, or otherwise honorably acquired."

"Madrid," he added, "is one of the few cities on earth where collectors can still uncover finds in fine art and first editions. The Rastro, our flea market, opens every Sunday morning. It is not unusual for an expert eye to ferret out a princely prize for a pauper's price. And in bookshops like García Rico in the Calle Desengaño and Molina in the Travesía del Arenal, I myself have acquired a copy of the first English atlas of India by James Rennell with each map individually inscribed, for $20. Only last week I bought the complete works of Francisco Suárez, the greatest theologian of the sixteenth century—twenty-two volumes in mint condition—for $300!"

Marías returned to Gallery 32 for a last look at Goya's *La Maja Desnuda* and *La Maja Vestida*, the *Maja* nude and clothed. "Excepting only the Meninas by Velázquez," he said, "these are the most famous paintings in the Prado. However, the scandal surrounding the artist's alleged affair with the Duchess of Alba obscures a basic point. *Maja* is the word for the working-class woman of eighteenth-century Madrid—witty, graceful, admired by everyone and symbolizing a cult called *popularismo*, the popularity of the lower classes. Unlike snobbish London where the poor ape the rich, the eighteenth-century upper classes of Madrid imitated the humor, music, dance, and dress of the *majos* and *majas*, the men and women of the streets. Noblemen wore their hair in nets like *majos*, and the ladies' fashions were set not in Parisian salons but by the *majas* of Madrid. The *majos* were poor, paid taxes to kings, priests, and landlords, and often lacked enough to eat. But they loved their way of life and held a high opinion of themselves. *Zarzuela* reigned—light operettas poking fun at the Don Quixotes of the world and

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exalting the Sancho Panzas. Noblemen in the seventeenth century enjoyed Madrid so much they refused to go to war, not out of cowardice but because no one wanted to leave the scene of so much fun. So it was in the Civil War. When Madrid was besieged by Franco's forces, the republican government ordered everybody who had no function to leave the city and escape the bombs. But such is a Madrileño's love of his way of life that most preferred starvation and death in Madrid to safety in some other city."

"That," said Marías, "is the mystique of Madrid, the people's love for their way of life. But come, there are two more paintings which few visitors to the Prado ever see."

He then led the way to Gallery 63, a dimly lit recess outside the traffic pattern pursued by tourists intent on the museum's more popular artists, and we stood before two paintings of an obscenely obese girl, the one called *La Monstrua Vestida*, the other, *La Monstrua Desnuda*.

"The artist," said Marías, "was Juan Carreno de Moranda who, compared with Goya, is virtually unknown. The model was a monstrous person named Eugenia Martinez Vallejo who clearly was not in a class with the Duchess of Alba. But the message of *Las Monstruas* rings loud and clear: 'He who would live to enjoy *tertulias* had better take it easy on the *tapas!*'"

—ARTHUR GOODFRIEND.

Arthur Goodfriend, former journalist and foreign service official and widely published author, recently visited some leading artistic and literary figures in Europe. This is one of a series of reports he is writing on their impressions.

WIT TWISTER #116

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

_ _ _ _ lived on a _ _ _ _
with a sibling quite mean,
Who cooked meals that were
scant and unsightly.
Though he ate with _ _ _ _,
he stayed _ _ _ _ as a
bean,
While his sister stayed _ _
_ _ (quite rightly)!

—Contributed by
DONALD BRODINE.

(*Answer on page* 61)

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Fredbjoern Bjoernsson and Inge Sand in "Graduation Ball." Miss Sand has no favorite dancers—"except Freddie."

Danish Delights

COPENHAGEN.

"THE GIRL WITH THE ENAMEL EYES" not only is the subtitle of that great comedy ballet classic, *Coppélia*, but it also describes its mischievous heroine who pretends to be a doll, thereby accomplishing much hilarious havoc. One of the great mid-century interpreters of this role of Swanilda was the Danish Inge Sand.

It was just fifteen years ago this summer that Miss Sand came to America on a travel-study grant from her native Denmark. With a Swanilda smile in her blue eyes and upon her lips, she began a Danish conquest of America which has lasted to this day. She captivated Ted Shawn, who invited her to dance at his Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. She introduced, in solo form, the choreography of the great Danish ballet master of the last century, August Bournonville, to America; and she also captivated Pillow audiences to such a degree that Shawn immediately began negotiations to bring a unit of Royal Danish soloists to star in his festival for the next year.

In quick succession, Columbia Artists Management Inc. next brought the entire company to America; every American dancer wanted to learn the Bournonville style; every American repertory seemed to want a Bournonville ballet; Shawn was knighted by Denmark's king; and S. Hurok assumed management of the Royal troupe (he expects to bring them back to America in 1971).

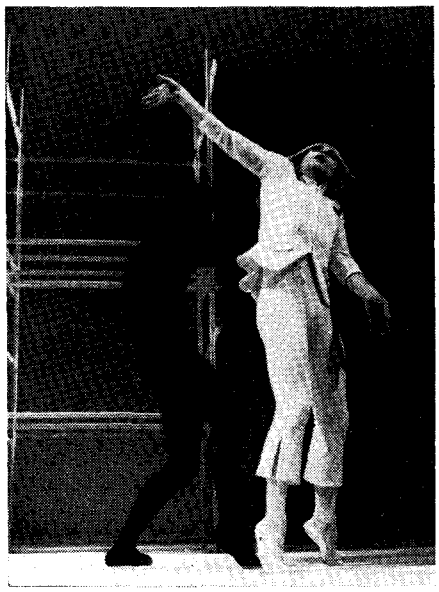
As for Miss Sand, at forty (the same age as Denmark's greatest contemporary dance figure, Erik Bruhn) she no longer performs Swanilda, the Bournonville heroines, and the like, but she is on stage occasionally in a character role, such as the funny old headmistress in *Graduation Ball*. But her real job is ballet mistress for the company, as the right hand of this old ballet's very young director, Flemming Flindt.

"When I was young," Miss Sand commented recently, "I said that at forty I would quit ballet forever, but now I'm busier with ballet than ever before, and since my ten-year-old daughter seems to be doing well in Ole Fatum's children's classes at the Royal Theater, I just may be busy in ballet all my life.

"And it suddenly struck me, not long ago, when Margot Fonteyn was here as guest star in *Giselle*, how ballet takes hold of you. Margot wanted a special class with Volkova [Vera Volkova, principal teacher of the Royal Danish Ballet and longtime coach for Fonteyn, Bruhn, and other stars], but she doesn't like to work alone, so she said, 'Inge, take class with me,' so I did. I loved it, but at the end of class I suddenly thought, 'Isn't it funny, still being corrected at forty and fifty!' But we never stop, do we? I guess we can't."

The Royal Danish Ballet, with a court dance heritage dating back near-

(*Continued on page* 62)



—*Photos by Mydtskov (Copenhagen).*

Niels Kehlet in "Pierrot Lunaire"—"an artist of rare accomplishment."

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Music Festivals USA—Summer 1969

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
EAST AND SOUTH				
New York				
New York City	May 30-September 1	Naumburg Symphony	Free concerts by Naumburg Symphony Orchestra and soloists in Central Park Mall; also, a concert version of *Werther* (Massenet)	Evenings at 8:30 May 30, July 4, July 31, September 1
	June 10-June 28	Metropolitan Opera	Free performances of *Traviata, Aida, Rigoletto* in Central Park, Prospect Park, Bronx Botanical Gardens, Crocheron Park, Clove Lakes Park	Evenings at 8:30
	June 21-August 23	Forest Hills Music Festival	Concerts by Lawrence and Gormé, The Monkees, The Fifth Dimension, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Peter, Paul and Mary, others	Saturday evenings at 8:30
	June 25-August 17	Guggenheim Memorial Concerts	Free concerts by the Goldman Band in Central Park, Prospect Park, and Damrosch Park	Evenings at 8:30 (7 p.m. in Damrosch Park)
	June 26-August 28	Museum of Modern Art "Jazz in the Garden"	Jazz and popular concerts by various groups	Thursday evenings at 8:30
	June 29-August 24	Harlem Cultural Festival	Various concerts and recitals in Mount Morris Park	Sundays at 3 p.m.
	July 7-August 7	Municipal Orchestra Concert Series	Free concerts in various city parks	Weekday evenings (except Fridays) at 8:30
	July 29-	New York Philharmonic	Free concerts in five city parks	Evenings at 8:30
Katonah	June 21-July 13	Caramoor Festival	OPERA: *The Prodigal Son* (American premiere), *Curlew River* (Britten); *Semele* (Handel, concert version); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC: New York Pro Musica; Soloists include Graffman, Peters, others	Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 5:30 p.m. (Thursday, July 3 performance instead of Friday, July 4)
Chautauqua	June 26-August 24	Annual Summer Festival	OPERA: *The Magic Flute, Carmen, La Bohème, The Old Man and the Thief, I Pagliacci, The Pirates of Penzance, The Student Prince* CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA	Evenings at 8:30; Opera: Fridays, Mondays Concerts: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays
Woodstock	June 29-August 31	Maverick Summer Concerts	CHAMBER MUSIC: Hudson Valley, Garvanas Trio, Renaissance Quartet, others	Sundays at 3:00 p.m. and several Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8:00 p.m.
Saratoga Springs	July 3-August 24	Saratoga Performing Arts Center Festival	Summer home of Philadelphia Orchestra and New York City Ballet. CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET. Soloists include Van Cliburn, Bachauer, Du Pré, Istomin, Arroyo, Forrester, others	Evenings at 8:30, Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Glens Falls	July 17-July 25	Lake George Opera Festival	Performances in English of *Don Pasquale, Albert Herring, Ariadne auf Naxos, Gianni Schicchi, Heure Espagnole*	
New Jersey				
Telegraph Hill Park	June 12-September 7	Garden State Arts Center Summer Festival	CONCERTS: Philadelphia Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, New Jersey Symphony; BALLET; Soloists include Van Cliburn, Janis, Kirsten, others	Weekdays at 8:30 p.m.; Fridays and Saturdays at 9:00 p.m.
Connecticut				
New Haven	June 24-July 22	Starlight Festival Chamber Music	Outdoor concerts at Yale Law School	Tuesday evenings at 8:30
Falls Village	June 28-August 31	Music Mountain	Chamber music featuring the Berkshire Quartet, guest artists	Saturdays at 3 p.m.
Norfolk	July 4-August 23	Yale Concerts at Norfolk	Orchestral, chamber music, and choral concerts	Fridays at 8:30 p.m. (Sunday, August 17 at 3:30 p.m., Saturday, August 23 at 2:30 p.m.)
New Canaan	July 13-August 24	Silvermine Guild Chamber Music Festival	Four chamber music concerts with soloists Hambro, Baker, Manacher, Effenbach	Sundays at 8:00 p.m.
Massachusetts				
Lenox	July 4-August 24	Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood	OPERA: *Abduction from the Seraglio* (Mozart); *Otello* (Verdi); CONCERTS: Boston Symphony. Soloists include Eschenbach, Watts, Ashkenazy, Cliburn, Du Pré, Zukerman, others	Fridays at 9:00 p.m. (except 7:00 p.m. on July 4), Saturdays at 8:00 p.m., Sundays at 2:30 p.m.

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Music Festivals USA—Summer 1969

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Rhode Island				
Newport	July 3- July 6	Newport Jazz Festival	Brubeck, Mulligan, Burrell, Herman, *many others*	Evenings at 8:00
	July 16- July 20	Newport Folk Festival	Performances by many outstanding folk singers	Evenings at 8:00
Vermont				
Marlboro	July 5- August 17	Marlboro Music Festival	Informal concerts and master classes at Marlboro School of Music, with Pablo Casals conducting the Festival Orchestra; Rudolf Serkin, director	Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sundays at 3:00 p.m.
New Hampshire				
Hanover	June 29- August 23	Hopkins Center Congregation of the Arts	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; MASTER CLASSES	Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30 p.m.
Center Harbor	July 10- August 14	New Hampshire Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Tuesdays, Thursdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 8:00 p.m.
Pennsylvania				
Philadelphia	June 16- July 24	Robin Hood Dell Concerts	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS. Soloists include Ashkenazy, Cliburn, Spivakovsky, Sills, Chookasian, Verrett, many others	Mondays, Tuesdays at 8:30 p.m.
Ambler	June 27- August 9	Temple University Music Festival	OPERA: *Don Pasquale, The Consul;* CONCERTS: Zagreb Philharmonic; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLET. Soloists include Anderson, Steber, Tucker, Arrau, Ricci, many others	Daily at 8:30 p.m.
Maryland				
Columbia	June 22- September 15	Merriweather Post Pavilion of Music	CONCERTS: Washington National Symphony; Soloists include Cliburn, Pennario, Schwartzkopf, others; BALLET: New York City Ballet	Various evenings at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 7 p.m.
North Carolina				
Greensboro	June 20- August 1	Eastern Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays at 8:00 p.m.
Brevard	July 4- August 17	Brevard Music Festival	OPERA: *Elixir of Love, Rigoletto, The Magic Flute, Tosca, The Mikado, The King and I;* CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Fridays, Saturdays at 8:15 p.m. Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Virginia				
Woodstock	August 6- August 16	Shenandoah Valley Music Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m.; Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
Florida				
Sarasota	June 2- June 21	New College Summer Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; MASTER CLASSES	Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
Daytona Beach	July 24- August 17	Florida International Music Festival	CONCERTS: London Symphony Orchestra; RECITALS. Soloists include Ashkenazy, Richter-Haaser, de Peyer, Ushioda, Curtin, others	Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 2:30 p.m.
MIDWEST **Illinois**				
Edwardsville	June 20- July 27	Mississippi River Festival	Concerts by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and soloists, including Rose, Perlman, Cliburn, de Larrocha; also performances by outstanding folk, rock, and pop performers on weekday evenings	Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7:30 p.m.
Chicago	June 26- August 9	Ravinia Festival	OPERA: Concert performances of *Butterfly, Aida, Bluebeard's Castle;* CONCERTS: Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RECITALS: Schwarzkopf, Sutherland, others	Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 4:00 p.m.
Michigan				
Rochester	July 3- August 31	Meadow Brook Music Festival	CONCERTS: New York Philharmonic, Detroit Symphony; RECITALS; BALLET: American Ballet Theater. Soloists include Gilels, Watts, Ashkenazy, Anda, Perlman, Rabin, Janis, Schwarzkopf, others	Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 7:30 p.m.

continued

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continued

Music Festivals USA—Summer 1969

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Missouri				
St. Louis	June-September	Municipal Opera	Light opera performances	Evenings at 8:15
	August 15-August 30	August Opera Festival	*Don Giovanni, An Italian Girl in Algiers, The Tales of Hoffmann*	Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15 p.m.
Ohio				
Cleveland	June 14-August 31	Blossom Music Center	CONCERTS: Cleveland Orchestra; RECITALS; BALLET: New York City Ballet. Soloists include Anda, Ashkenazy, Bachauer, Buswell IV, Casadesus, Cliburn, de Larrocha, Gilels, Perlman, Rose, Peters, Raskin, many others	Daily at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 7:00 p.m.
Cincinnati	July 2-July 27	Summer Opera Festival	*La Bohème, Il Pirata, Rigoletto, La Forza del Destino, Elixir of Love, Faust, Carmen*	Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays
Wisconsin				
Milwaukee	June 23-August 2	Summer Arts Festival	Concerts at University of Wisconsin; CHAMBER MUSIC: Fine Arts Quartet, Woodwind Arts Quintet, soloists	Evenings at 8:15
Fish Creek	August 9-August 23	Peninsula Music Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS. Soloists include Johannesen, Nelsova, others	Saturdays and various weekdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 3 p.m.
SOUTHWEST				
Arizona				
Flagstaff	July 24-August 10	Flagstaff Summer Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET; FILMS	Various evenings at 8:30
New Mexico				
Santa Fe	July 5-August 23	Santa Fe Opera	American premieres of *Help! Help! The Globolinks!* (Menotti) and *The Devils of Loudon* (Penderecki); also *Così fan tutte, The Magic Flute, Tosca*	Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 9:00 p.m. (also Thursdays after August 13)
FAR WEST				
California				
San Francisco	June 3-June 27	Spring Opera	*La Rondine, The Consul, The Marriage of Figaro, Roméo et Juliette*	Tuesdays and Fridays
Stanford	June 24-August 17	Stanford Summer Festival of the Arts	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLET; DRAMA; FILMS. Guarneri String Quartet, New York Pro Musica, Joffrey Ballet, others	Daily at 8:00 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 p.m.
Saratoga	June 28-July 27	Montalvo Music Festival	OPERA: *La Finta Giardiniera* (Mozart), *The Gondoliers* (Sullivan); CONCERTS	Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 4:00 p.m.
Los Angeles	July 8-September 6	Hollywood Bowl	CONCERTS: Los Angeles Philharmonic; RECITALS; BALLET: Royal Ballet. Soloists include Arrau, Barenboim, Previn, Rose, Rabin, Szering, Watts, Horne, Sutherland, Schwarzkopf, many others	Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays (also Friday, July 18—Royal Ballet)
Carmel	July 18-July 27	Carmel Bach Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS	Daily at 11:00 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 2:00 p.m.
Aptos	August 15-August 24	Cabrillo Music Festival	CONCERTS: World premiere of new work by Chavez; CHAMBER MUSIC. Pro Arte Quartet, Amici della Musica Orchestra, soloists	Fridays at 8:30 p.m., Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 7:00 p.m.
Monterey	September 19-September 21	Monterey Jazz Festival	Jazz concerts	Evenings at 8:00; also Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m.
Colorado				
Central City	June 21-July 26	Opera Festival	Performances in English of *Tosca* and *Die Fledermaus*	Daily except Mondays
Aspen	June 25-August 24	Aspen Music Festival	OPERA: *Mefistofele* (Boito), *Abduction from the Seraglio* (Mozart), *La Vida breve* (de Falla), *Rita* (Donizetti); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC: Juilliard Quartet; MASTER CLASSES	Sundays at 4:00 p.m.
Canada				
Stratford	July 5-August 24	Stratford Festival	OPERA: *Abduction from the Seraglio* (Concert version); CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Guarneri Quartet, Beaux Arts Quartet. Soloists include Rose, Istomin, Bream, Shankar, Serkin, Schwarzkopf, others	Saturdays at 11 a.m., Sundays at 2 p.m., Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays at 2 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.
Puerto Rico				
San Juan	May 29-June 11	Festival Casals	CONCERTS; RECITALS. Soloists include Casals, Barenboim, du Pré, Menuhin, Schneider, et al.	Various evenings at 8:30 p.m.

HEDY JELLINEK

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Recordings Reports:

Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Clifton Chenier: *Black Snake Blues.* Chenier, vocal and accordion; Felix James Benoit, guitar; Joe Morris, bass; Robert St. Judy, drums; Cleveland Chenier, rubboard. Arhoolie stereo, 1038, $4.98.	Anyone who has experienced the dolorous sound of the accordion in French *boîtes* is likely to be skeptical of Chenier's power to please, but this new sample of Zydeco is as enjoyable as his two earlier albums (Arhoolie 1024 and 1031). The fusion of blues and Cajun music by French-speaking Negroes in Louisiana is a subject for the folklorists, but in Chenier's case the result is boisterous dance music ("Johnny Can't Dance," "Wrap It Up") and dramatic, Gallicized blues ("I Lost My Baby," "Monifique"). He sings in French and English convincingly enough, but his accordion playing has an altogether unusual authority. In its phraseology and tonal qualities it seems to combine authentic values from jazz organists and the best blues harmonica players.
Duke Ellington: *In My Solitude.* Ellington, piano; with fourteen-piece band. Harmony stereo, HS-11323, $1.98.	Neither rhyme nor reason is discernible in the programing of this haphazard collection that ranges from 1930 to 1958, although any nine numbers by Ellington's band are worth $1.98. But why should the most despised of customers be expected to jump from Okeh's 1930 "Mood Indigo" to Columbia's 1956 "I Got It Bad" (at Newport), and then back to Brunswick's 1932 "Blue Harlem"? The sharp differences in recording quality are disconcerting in themselves, and quite unnecessary given the company's huge resources in Ellingtonia. Much better, and worth searching for, is *Ellington Fantasies* (Harmony HS-11236), which consists of ten of the thirteen tracks that made the marvelous *Midnight in Paris* album, all in true stereo.
Richard "Groove" Holmes: *Workin' on a Groovy Thing.* Holmes, organ; with fourteen-piece band arranged and conducted by Gerald Wilson. World Pacific stereo, ST-20153, $5.98.	The combination of organ and big, brassy band is not new, but it has seldom come off so well as here. Holmes, it is safe to say, is a more confident player than when he first recorded with Wilson in 1961, and he is equally effective as an integral part of the band as its featured soloist. Wilson's arrangements also show an increased awareness of the organist's requirements. They are well routined, introducing other soloists when variety is desirable and, above all, using the brass in glowing riffs to enhance the organ line.
Ray Bryant: *Up Above the Rock.* Bryant, piano; Snooky Young, Dobby Hiques, Danny Moore, trumpets; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Cadet stereo, S-818, $4.98. **Junior Mance:** *Live At the Top.* Mance, piano; Wilbur Little, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; David "Fathead" Newman, flute and tenor saxophone. Atlantic stereo, S-1521, $5.98.	Bryant and Mance were two of the most promising jazz pianists to come to the fore in the Fifties. Inappropriate material and commercial devices relevant to the desperate search for record hits have not always served their reputations well. Bryant is saddled with some appalling pop songs in the Cadet set, and the excellent trumpets are often used in banal fashion; but his true ability is heard on numbers such as "After Hours," "Dag Nab It" (where the trumpet soloist sounds like Clark Terry), "Five, Six and Seven," and "Where the Wind Blows." Mance, recorded live in a much freer context at a New York club, plays only two numbers on each side of his album.
Tony Parenti: *Ragtime.* Parenti, clarinet; Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Danny Barker, banjo; Cy St. Clair, tuba; Baby Dodds or George Wettling, drums. Jazzology mono, J-15, $4.98.	Originally recorded by Rudi Blesh for Circle in 1947, this set presents a program of typical ragtime numbers played on one side by a trio and on the other by a septet. The latter is less successful, but helpful in indicating what a ragtime band may have sounded like before World War I. Parenti's clean, knowledgeable phrasing of intricate melodic lines is immediately impressive in the trio, and he is admirably backed by Sutton, who plays with precision but not the pedantic stiffness that reduces the appeal of ragtime for most jazz listeners. That ragtime still retains a following and devoted exponents is shown by another Jazzology album (*They All Play Ragtime,* JCE-52), on which seven "professors," including Max Morath, do their stuff. It is interesting to note how the blues, the other vital jazz strain, gets into the act on "Brun Campbell Express."
Oscar Peterson: *Soul-O!* Peterson, piano. Prestige stereo, 7595, $4.98.	Annotator Ralph Berton rightly compares the nine performances in this set with those of Art Tatum. It is surprising that they should be the first Peterson has made without accompaniment, for his exceptional technique and full style place him beyond the need of the conventional bass and drums, which are, indeed, scarcely missed here. In the case of "Someone to Watch Over Me" and "Body and Soul," of which Peterson's treatment is similarly variegated, direct comparisons can be made with versions by Tatum. What Peterson never quite achieves is his predecessor's light, aerial swing, but on "Perdido" he notably demonstrates the strength and virtue of his own rhythmic approach.
Red Onion Jazz Band: *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight!* John Bucher, cornet; Richard Dreiwitz, trombone; Denis Brady, clarinet; Henry Ross, piano; Eric Hassell, banjo; Arnold Hyman, bass; Bob Thompson, drums; Natalie Lamb, vocal. Biograph stereo, BLP-12012, $4.98.	Described by its leader as a "part-time weekend band," the group consists of a professor of psychology, two stockbrokers, an aeronautical engineer, a court reporter, a psychology researcher, and a schoolteacher. They play in the New Orleans idiom with respect, enthusiasm, and a fair degree of accuracy. Miss Lamb's model is Bessie Smith, and she does better on the slow, declamatory blues than at the "peppy" tempos demanded by numbers such as "San Francisco Bay." Bucher's sober cornet (on "See See Rider") and Brady's Bechet-like clarinet are the most noteworthy features of the second side, on which the rhythm section tends to be ponderous. New York's Town Hall was reportedly near capacity when this album was recorded there in January, a fact that might profitably be digested by those festival and concert promoters who discount the power of nostalgia.
Bob Wilber: *The Music of Hoagy Carmichael.* Wilber, arranger, soprano saxophone, clarinet, and bass clarinet; Yank Lawson, Bernie Privin, trumpets; Lou McGarity, Buddy Morrow, trombones; Bernie Leighton, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; Maxine Sullivan, vocal. Monmouth-Evergreen stereo, MES-6917, $4.79.	In his interesting liner notes, Bud Freeman makes a strong case for Hoagy Carmichael as one of the handful of genuine jazz composers. Certainly, much of his music lends itself admirably to jazz interpretation, and that is probably the truest criterion. The arrangements by Wilber are superb in their color and dynamic contrasts; they surprise without ever being out of character. He is also the most rewarding soloist, particularly on soprano saxophone, an instrument he plays skillfully with the phrasing and tone of Johnny Hodges. Maxine Sullivan sings with quiet charm on five titles. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

"Fiesta in Madrid" on West 55th Street

It was a happy idea for the New York City Center to venture the presentation of a Spanish *zarzuela*, which most New Yorkers have never had a chance to see and hear without going abroad. Whether the presentation of Tomas Bretón's *La Verbena de La Paloma* now being seen and heard under the title of "Fiesta in Madrid" in the old City Center on West 55th Street is also a happy example of a *zarzuela* would take someone really versed in that art form to determine.

If it is, the high repute that the form —as well as this particular example of it—enjoys would come under the category of those local wines which delight where they are grown but do not travel well. If it is not such a happy example, then one can only wish that the production devised by Tito Capobianco had come closer to becoming a direct hit rather than a near miss. The determination will come, really, from the box office; for City Center's intention in venturing this departure from its usual program is to broaden its audience beyond those New Yorkers who are its normal patrons to reach the million and a half Spanish-speaking residents of the five boroughs. If they say "*Si*," so be it; if it is "*No*". . . .

By definition, a *zarzuela* is one of those mixtures of music, song, and dance which flourishes internationally under different names: operetta in Vienna, *Singspiel* in Germany, *opéra comique* in France, and musical comedy (more recently shortened to "musical") in the Anglo-Saxon world. All differ from one another in various important respects, but none differs so greatly as to resemble grand opera or music drama more closely than they do each other. In none is "the play the thing"; it is, rather, a scaffolding on which to support as much diversion in the music, song, and dance as the composer and his collaborators can provide.

In the case of "Fiesta in Madrid," the scaffolding has been enlarged from the normal single-act pattern of the typical *zarzuela chico* to what is considered a full length evening's entertainment by American theatrical measure. As the slim story of a wealthy, somewhat ancient suitor who is paying court to a pair of sisters (one of whom is using him to goad a less wealthy, but far from ancient, admirer) hardly has enough in it for Bretón's own score, Act II has been amended to include material by Valverde, Serrano, Ileo, and Chapi.

For much of the time, it doesn't really matter, for "Fiesta in Madrid" provides eminent opportunities for all the things associated with such a happening. Street parades, strolling crowds, people at café tables, castanet-clicking dancers come and go in a pleasant panorama. Jose Varona's settings and costumes are colorful and convincingly authentic. Capobianco's direction is resourceful. After a while, one longs for something more sustaining in musical and dramatic interest than has been provided.

The thought of importing Odon Alonso from Madrid to set the musical tone of the production was good, likewise the utilization of Isabel Penagos (previously seen here in the City Opera's production of Ginastera's *Bomarzo*), Franco Iglesias, and Nico Castel in principal roles for which they are suited by background and training. Also there was a solid base of Spanish-derived talent in the dancing ensemble for which Teresa (no last name) provided the relevant action. But the gravitation, in conspicuous parts, to such American-trained performers as Muriel Greenspon and Kay Creed made for a disparity in style and emphasis that no amount of careful coaching by Capobianco could overcome. Claramae Turner, of long and honorable service in the interests of operatic veracity, made a stronger adaptation on behalf of Bretón.

As for Bretón himself, this visualization of what has long circulated on discs did no violence to his reputation as a composer of facility, taste, and melodic resource. That it did not always support the weight of what was put upon it may have been less due to its own lack of tensile strength than to the expansive, bustling production to which is was subjected.

Thus, the pleasure of making Bretón's acquaintance was somewhat tempered by the company he is temporarily keeping, leaving some doubt as to whether one had been exposed to Bretón's score or, rather, a *zarzuela* of *zarzuelas*. My concluding hope is that "Fiesta in Madrid" draws enough "*Sis*" rather than "*Nos*" to encourage a further venture.

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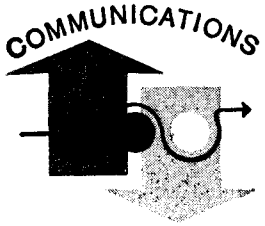

The Power of the Press—and of Television

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RICHARD L. TOBIN

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John F. Banzhaf 3rd is a good-looking twenty-eight-year-old attorney who has, almost singlehandedly, forced radio and TV stations to run anti-cigarette commercials that are the wonder of the age. After a modest start, Mr. Banzhaf's crusade has by now reached such proportions that it is not beyond the realm of possibility that radio and TV stations will begin to refuse cigarette advertising within a year or two, either banned by law or through self-regulation.

Mr. Banzhaf argues with validity that any ban on radio and TV cigarette ads will not seriously harm the tobacco or cigarette industries and is not seriously opposed by them. His premise is that nicotine is addictive in the same sense heroin is addictive. He feels that glamorous cigarette ads, on TV in particular, induce many young people to start a costly lifelong habit and to invite premature death.

Mr. Banzhaf is having startling success, and has already set off a sort of chain reaction in the broadcasting industry. Not only cancer, heart, and tuberculosis association people are helping Mr. Banzhaf with their highly effective network station breaks and spots, but local stations are now giving program time to this amazing people-to-people crusade.

In this regard, one of the most truly shocking programs we ever saw on TV was the recent broadcast of the full-hour show *Smoking—The Deadly Habit*. It opened with a "Cigarette Hall of Fame" in which a huge wall display went from one famous personality to another, all of them men who had lost their lives from cancer as a result of heavy cigarette smoking. There were portraits of Edward R. Murrow, Dick Powell, and Nat "King" Cole, all now dead of cancer of the throat after a lifelong habit of sixty to eighty cigarettes a day. Then came pictures of John Wayne and Arthur Godfrey, both of whom have undergone lung surgery, but survived. The most poignant portrait was of Stanley Warren, a public relations man of note, whose cancerous larynx was removed six years ago, and who has learned to breathe through an aperture in his neck and to talk in choking gasps that were visually painful beyond description. Warren had smoked three packs a day for twenty-five years. From time to time during the startling program, news tape ran across the bottom of the screen spelling out deadly statistics, such as the non-smoker lives an average of seven years longer than the heavy smoker. The closing spot was especially sad, it seemed to us, for it showed Bill Tallman, the long-time courtroom adversary of Perry Mason, making an anti-smoking plea through a cancer-ravaged throat as his wife and children sat with him. A bit more than a month after he made the anti-smoking film, District Attorney Tallman was dead.

We have gone on at length about Mr. Banzhaf and the anti-cigarette crusade simply to make the point that the "power of the press" now includes radio and TV. Joseph Pulitzer once called the press (newspapers and magazines only, in his day) the most magnificent moral discipline in the world. He said: "More crime, immorality, and rascality are prevented by the fear of exposure in the newspapers than by all the laws, moral and statute, ever devised." The famous *World* editor and publisher wasn't simply talking about muckraking, either. He also had in mind just the sort of crusade the radio-TV anti-smoking campaign represents, with astounding success, in behalf of the public. Pulitzer would also have been delighted at *Life* magazine, our lively contemporary, whose editorial pages have uncovered one scandal after another in recent months,

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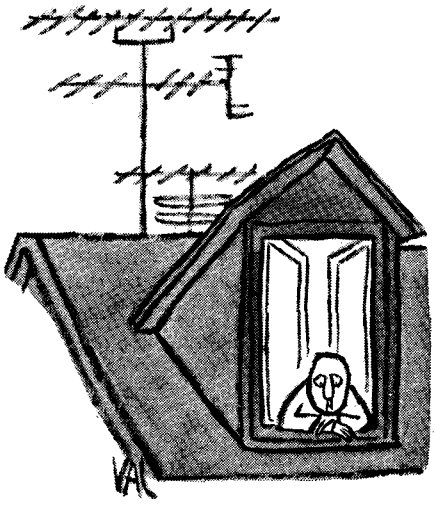
to the great benefit of American democracy. We cannot remember any single publication having smashed the bull's-eye with such power in consecutive weeks as *Life*'s revelations about Governor Rhodes of Ohio and Supreme Court Justice Fortas. Following on the heels of the great *Life* exposé of the Mafia's hold on politicians in New Jersey (and elsewhere), these two tremendous newsbreaks justified forever publication of that splendid periodical.

For centuries, newspapers and magazines have been cussed and discussed, read and misread, legislated against and threatened with extinction, criticized and praised to the skies. But one thing is certain—they have not been ignored. The fundamental job of print media is, in the words of Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), " to comfort the afflicted and afflict the com-



fortable." In other words, journalists are watchdogs and sometimes the only watchdogs against predators and in support of the weak, the helpless, and the minority. Yet, television can be even more powerful and pervasive than print when it wants to use the greatest communications medium the world has ever known for the public's well-being. When it decides to shed its shackles and get away for a moment or two from tedious, banal situation scripts normally saturating the night air, TV can be a magnificent force for public information and public good. That brilliant electronic campaigns such as Mr. Banzhaf's make an enormous impact on all generations but particularly on the young is beyond argument. This came home to us unmistakably the other day when Alison, our four-year-old granddaughter, turned to her father, a heavy cigarette smoker, and said quietly, "Daddy, when are you going to give up cancer?" He didn't light up another cigarette for two whole hours. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Imitative Violence and TV

R.L.T.'s EDITORIAL concerning violence on television ["Blood and Gore on the Home Screen," *SR*, Apr. 12] points up the inadequate research most participants in the argument bring to such discussions. Any reliable and recent educational psychology book will provide sufficient and convincing data pertinent to the persuasion that television does, in fact, influence the behavior of children. This kind of learning is described as "imitative" and "observational," and the basic investigators in the area are A. Bandura and R. Walters. Their book *Social Learning and Personality Development* will chill the bones of any parent or interested person who is concerned about television's effect. I'm afraid Professor Maloney is full of baloney.

DAVID MARCHAND,
Madison, Wis.

When Is It Pornographic?

IN STUART W. LITTLE'S review of *Obscenity and Public Morality* by Harry M. Clor [BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS, May 10], Mr. Little quotes Mr. Clor: "Constant exposure to [pornography] must eventually result in an erosion of moral standards." Without thoroughgoing empirical studies as supporting evidence, this conclusion is merely armchair speculation. Furthermore, such a sweeping notion must be spelled out in detail for it to mean anything at all. Which moral standards? What count as intimacies? How much exposure is "constant"?

In the same issue, John Tebbel in "Who Owns Television?" has the good sense to refrain from premature generalization: "Violence and its effect is a controversial matter, with a great deal of heated rhetoric on both sides, but little scientific fact on either side to support anyone's contentions. In the field of sexual behavior, however, there has never been established any general correlation between what people see and read and what they do sexually, despite popular myth to the contrary."

Before tampering with censorship of any sort, it seems to me only prudent to weigh the *evidence* carefully. In the absence of conclusive data, I for one would stick with the First Amendment as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

LYNNE RUDDER BAKER,
Nashville, Tenn.

JUDGING FROM Stuart Little's review of Harry M. Clor's *Obscenity and Public Morality*, neither Mr. Little nor Mr. Clor have any business publishing reviews or books designed to be read by anyone. Mr. Little's personal standards on obscenity have no place in a review. His concept of the public morality is a thin guise for advocating thought control, and the way in which he differentiates between "normal sexual relations" and "perversions" is indication enough that Mr. Little has some problems of his own to tackle before taking on those of society.

As for the book's author, it would be unfair to judge him since I have not read the work and am unwilling to trust Mr. Little's account. It is obvious, however, that Mr. Clor's views on obscenity, as presented by Mr. Little, show a serious lack of schooling in the psychology or history of the obscenity question. *SR* should be ashamed for publishing Mr. Little's review, Mr. Little should be ashamed of writing it, and Mr. Clor should go back to school.

JOHN EHINGER,
Huntsville, Ala.

SUCH IS THE unarguable nature of the right of a free man to read whatever he chooses that incredulity must mingle with disgust upon reading Mr. Stuart Little's ill-reasoned assault upon "obscenity." However repulsive and distasteful a book may be, one's judgment of it must be limited to an esthetic evaluation. It is quite probable that Mr. Little is correct in his esthetic evaluation of the books along 42nd Street. He is wrong in suggesting that his esthetics be enforced with criminal sanctions. There are already appropriate penalties for physically compelling a person to read.

The article leaves out, and wisely—for they would be fatal to the development of the argument—rather strong evidence as to the beneficial effects of absolute freedom (even from the point of view of one who loathes pornography). The article lays nothing new before the reader, and the blatant bias of the reviewer prevents an objective evaluation of the book. If, as the advertisement says, "an argument can be made for legal controls," it has been left unmade. All issues deserve a hearing, but one as patently fatuous as the case for the censorship of literature can only sicken, annoy, or inflame, and not enlighten.

GREGORY F. TAYLOR,
Boston, Mass.

STUART LITTLE'S discussion of obscenity was extraordinarily superficial and unconvincing. He either begged the important questions or ignored them; his indiscriminating attack on the Supreme Court was entirely unnecessary.

As Prohibition certainly proved, if people want something, they will get it, whether or not it is illegal. I would remind Mr. Little that the "so-called libertarian" Justice Douglas is not subsidizing those Times Square smut merchants; they are there because they make money. If laws are passed which drive them underground, they will still make money, although admittedly they may not so easily cause pain to Mr. Little's offended eye. The problem will still exist, however: there will still be those whose twisted outlook on life causes them to desire smut. In fact, the smut may be *more* desired precisely *because* it is forbidden.

Mr. Little states baldly, "The obscene can be separated from the artistic expression of erotic or violent subjects," and thus it can be banned without impinging on the domain of free speech. I cannot believe

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that this is so clear. When one adds to the First Amendment problems the fact that repressive laws will not accomplish their goal, i.e., eradication of the desire for obscenity, one might well question whether such laws are of value at all. What we need to do is foster a maturity in our society which results in obscenity and smut being rejected on their merits. Such maturity *has* resulted in some Scandinavian countries, where the public consumption of pornography *dropped*, to the best of my knowledge, after repressive anti-obscenity laws were repealed.

Certainly, there are some groups, such as the very young, from whom such maturity is not to be expected. As to these groups, anti-obscenity legislation can be justified. I would remind Mr. Little that the much-maligned Supreme Court *has* validated such legislation, a fact of which he might have been aware if he had actually read some Supreme Court decisions instead of merely citing them with misplaced righteous wrath.

CLIFFORD P. CASE, 3RD,
Cambridge, Mass.

Automation Untapped

REGARDING R.L.T.'s "Computer with the Green Eyeshade" [*SR*, May 10], this kind of system for news distribution has been on the books of the prognosticators for *quite some time. The hardware is avail*able. Unfortunately, the systems are based on computer storage or computer news banks. The dangerous assumption here is that people believe that computer storage and retrieval systems are perfect and efficient, a panacea for all our communications problems. Not so!

While computer storage can pack fantastically large quantities of information on discs or perhaps holographic plates, they are mechanical and electronic idiots. In some respects man is merely transferring his inadequate qualitative talent to quantitive hardware.

First of all, a great proportion of information is inadequately programed for computer storage. A great percentage of it is lost, never to be retrieved. Furthermore, retrieval programs may recall and print out reams of information that is not wanted and has no value.

Second, no human is able to select truly significant information for storage. In most systems the value of its storage is quantity, not quality. So, in practice, *everything* is stored and most of it is worthless. Fortunately, computers have voracious appetites. Their storage capacity is limited only by hardware and floor space.

Third, the fact that large capacities are necessary means that only large profit-making companies can afford these monsters. Therefore, the greater the storage, the greater the autonomy of the information industry. Eventually, only the Government or large merged communications industries will hold the control to all storage banks. At that time people may see their freedom disappear into computer storage, perhaps never to be retrieved.

SELAH BOND, JR.,
Editor, Graphic Arts Progress,
Graphic Arts Research Center,
Rochester, N.Y.

AS A RETIRED printer-editor-compositor, I found "Computer with the Green Eyeshade" to be of consuming interest. I began a fifty-year career in printing and newspaper work in an almost primitive shop, handset, of course, the paper printed on a Washington Press. Retiring three years ago, I escaped contact with computer operations, *though the last shop I* worked in (in Seattle) had gone to paste-up; even that was a tremendous advance over the old-time methods. A tour in a Chicago shop converting to computerization a year ago was an introduction to the marvels described in the fascinating article.

V. E. SWANSON,
Bremerton, Wash.

College Broadcasting Hangups

THANK YOU for Robert Lewis Shayon's article "FCC's 'Teenybobber' Under Fire" [*SR*, Apr. 12]. I recently attended the NAB convention in Washington. As a delegate to the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System meetings which were held simultaneously, I was able to hear Nick Johnson taking part in a panel discussion on the responsibilities of broadcasters. Other members of the panel were station owners or managers. Johnson's straightforward, honest approach to the problems of broadcasting was enthusiastically received by the hundreds of collegians present. The position of the other panel members can only be described as "defensive."

We do not consider ourselves "radicals" as the term is currently being used in the press to describe certain student groups. We are, however, somewhat idealistic about our chosen profession: broadcasting. Reading *Broadcasting*'s repeated attacks on a man who seems to symbolize everything worth believing in and fighting for in broadcasting leads us all to wonder if we really want to be a part of an industry that has the kind of leadership that *Broadcasting* evidences.

At the same IBS meetings, we heard John Macy, chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and Tom Smothers. Their comments together with what Nick Johnson had to say were cause for considerable concern and not a little discouragement among young people about to enter the industry. It is no wonder that American industry in general is finding it increasingly difficult to recruit college graduates into its ranks. What is worse, one wonders how well the American public is being served by this vital broadcasting industry. I hope that some enterprising publisher will enter the lists and give "the other point of view" an opportunity to be presented.

JUD MCCARTHY,
General Manager,
WMMR, University of
Minnesota Student Radio,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Already Self-Censored

NOT MENTIONED in Gilbert Cranberg's "Voluntary Press Codes" [*SR*, May 10] is the almost daily self-censorship of juveniles' names in crime reporting by many newspapers. Two years ago as the city editor of a small California daily, I was often faced with the problem of whether to print the name of a juvenile (under eighteen) involved in a crime. In general, my newspaper's policy was to withhold the names of all juvenile offenders, except in the case of a major felony when first reported by another newspaper. This policy was not arrived at because of the social conscience of the publisher, but rather his mistaken belief that the printing of a juvenile's name would be libelous.

At the publisher's suggestion, I wrote to twenty-five California dailies asking their policies on juvenile crime reporting. Of the nineteen respondents, about one-half believed there was a law prohibiting the reporting of a juvenile crime; three or four withheld the names as "a matter of local policy and taste"; the remainder never ran stories on misdemeanors and printed names in felony reporting, regardless of age. The variance of policies within the same state was incredible. One paper printed the names of all offenders "of eight years and beyond, based on the twin precepts of individual responsibility of the citizen for his actions and the public responsibility of the newspaper to print all information of public record." Another editor replied: "Ours is a small town. We do not publish the names of children when they get in trouble."

KENNETH CRUCE SMITH,
San Francisco, Calif.

I HAVE JUST read your accurate and perceptive assessment of voluntary press codes. I think you are absolutely correct that progress is being made, and in your recital of the background developments. As you probably know (although I have seen no public announcement of it), ASNE is creating a new fair-trial/free-press committee which will function as an adjunct, as I understand it, to its former Freedom of Information Committee. That step is being taken by the newly installed president of ASNE, Norman Isaacs. It clearly indicates an intention to pursue the voluntary approach.

DON HYNDMAN,
Director of Public Relations,
American Bar Association,
Chicago, Ill.

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THE POSTMAN RINGS TWICE

By JOHN TEBBEL

Something is staying the couriers of the United States mail from the swift completion of their appointed rounds. Every dweller in the large urban centers has his own horror tale of how long it takes a letter to go from one part of a city to another, and visiting Europeans, believing in American efficiency, find it shocking that New York's mail delivery service, to take one example, is far behind those in European capitals.

The something that is staying the mail is the rapidly worsening plight of the United States Post Office. For decades it has bumbled along under a succession of Postmasters General whose qualifications were purely political. Much of its equipment is outdated by at least thirty years, and some of it by a century. It is controlled by Congress, which complains about its staggering deficits but responds meekly to the thorough lobbying of the postal unions because letter carriers are closer to the people than Congressmen. The Post Office loses a billion dollars a year, in spite of constantly increasing postal rates, and even some of its best friends on Capitol Hill admit that it is the worst run business in the country.

Two things are being done about it. One stems from the proposal made in April 1967 by then Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien that the Post Office be taken out of the President's Cabinet and reconstituted as a government corporation. O'Brien had concluded that it was hopeless for the department, in its present state, even to think of coping with the future demands that a growing nation would place upon it.

Five days later, President Johnson appointed what came to be called the Kappel Commission, because its chairman was Frederick R. Kappel, the retired chairman of the board of American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Among its other prestigious members were George Baker, Dean of the Harvard Business School; David Bell, vice president of the Ford Foundation; Fred Borch, president of General Electric; David Ginsburg, a Washington lawyer; Ralph Lazarus, chairman of the board of Federated Department Stores; George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO; J. Irwin Miller, chairman of the board of Cummins Engine Company; W. Beverly Murphy, president of Campbell Soup; and Rudolph Peterson, president of the Bank of America.

The commission endorsed O'Brien's idea of making the Post Office a government-owned corporation, in the manner of the TVA or the Export-Import Bank, and declared that this new corporation should have the authority to manage itself. It would be empowered, as a corporation, to borrow money from public investors in the usual way, relieving the pressure on Congress to provide adequate appropriations, and it would set its own rates, subject to congressional veto. The corporation would have the authority, further, to bargain collectively with its own unions, which it cannot do now. Best of all, a merit system would be established in its personnel policies, rather than the grubby politicking which presently is the method.

In the debate following the commission's report, the arguments came down to the single proposition common to such discussions: Who would pay, and how much? Rates would have to be raised, but for whom and by how much? The commission proposed that a panel of Rate Commissioners be created, separate from the operating management and acting as a kind of court in which both management and affected mailers could have their say. The panel's decisions would have to be ratified by the corporation's board of directors, who would have freedom to accept or moderate any rate increase, and Congress would have the ultimate control through the power to veto, by concurrent resolution, any rate increase proposed. The argument for retaining congressional control of the Post Office is that the corporation would otherwise be an unregulated monopoly.

The Kappel Commission's exhaustive research disclosed one set of figures which may be the key to the problem. For the first time, a market survey was taken to establish just who uses the mails. The results showed that more than 40 per cent of the total pieces of mail consisted of financial business—that is, checks, bills, invoices, and similar routine transactions. Advertising accounted for 26 per cent; magazines and newspapers represented another 11 per cent. Only 14 per cent of the total was non-business—exchanges between individuals—and half of that figure consisted of greeting cards, most of them at Christmas.

—A. Y. Owen (Black Star).

Don Page, IPSA supervisor, goes over route plan for daily delivery inside his IPSA van.

If the bulk of mail is business mail, then, and if business is to pay most of the cost of modernizing the Post Office Department because it is the heaviest user, which would appear to be the case, and if the Government's mail service is to be a corporation, it is only natural that businessmen should ask themselves what corporation they would like to give their trade to.

The viable alternative already exists. It is the Independent Postal System of America, founded in February 1968 by an Irish-born forty-two-year-old former hotel man, Thomas M. Murray, who has his headquarters in Oklahoma City. Murray's story is as typically American as—well, as the Post Office. Arriving in Detroit at the age of twenty-three, he started as a bellboy in a hotel; five years later he was director of the hostelry, with the mayor proclaiming "Tom Murray Day" to honor him for his remarkable ascent.

Murray's idea is to establish his IPSA as a carrier of third-class mail, one of the department's major headaches, and he claims that he can carry it at a rate of about 42 per cent what the Government charges—faster and more dependably, too. After a little more than a year in business, IPSA's growth is nothing less than phenomenal, after an initial skepticism. "When we first started our postal service," Murray told a reporter, "people viewed us as 'nuts.' But now, there is a whole new cycle of interest, and we are a proven commodity. People are beginning to

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think that maybe we do have some answers."

Today, Murray's office is clogged with a backlog of more than a thousand requests for information about his system and applications for licenses. IPSA is now extending its operations from Oklahoma to Jackson, Mississippi; Sioux City, Iowa; San Antonio, Texas; and other cities in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Missouri, Georgia, Arizona, New Mexico, and Toronto, Canada. It is also operating presently in Vancouver and its surrounding communities.

Delivering the third-class mail privately has had the blessing and cooperation of the Post Office, which has long complained about the heavy burden imposed on it by so-called "junk mail." But Murray has large plans for the future. He is talking about employing a half-million people before the next decade ends, and expects to be serving more than a hundred cities before the end of this year. Obviously, IPSA is not going to stop with third-class deliveries; Murray intends to branch out into second-class, meaning magazines and newspapers, and even fourth-class, which would include small packages and parcels. Eventually, he visions his private enterprise postal system covering the entire United States and carrying everything except first-class.

Why not first-class? In this important category, although it constitutes a small percentage of the total, the Government has ruled that IPSA may not handle such mail, and cannot use home mailboxes. Business gets IPSA deliveries in plastic wrappers, tied to the doorknob. Murray intends to challenge the constitutionality of this ruling, and to seek a Supreme Court decision on it. He wants to fill up those mailboxes.

The Murray theory is simple enough. American postmasters, he points out, have no incentive to do better, and most postal workers cannot improve their lot by the customary methods because the top jobs are political appointments, dependent on the patronage of changing administrations. Private industry, Murray believes, can do better, particularly in the case of second-, third-, and fourth-class mail. Large firms like Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, J. C. Penney, Kroger, and McCrory have already expressed their confidence in his idea by giving him their business in moving unaddressed catalogues, bulk, and other advertising matter.

"We've proved that free enterprise, with prudent practices, can do better than any government office," Murray asserts.

There are already competitors, attracted by his success, and the prospect of a number of competitive enterprises delivering the nation's mail raises the possibility that private enterprise might take over what the Government has done for 130 years. Murray has doubts that this will ever happen, but he does believe that there is room for everyone to make a profit from handling all kinds of mail except first-class.

—*A. Y. Owen (Black Star).*

Thomas M. Murray—"proven commodity."

Nevertheless, intriguing questions remain to be answered. What will happen if the Government converts the Post Office into a public corporation? Can it be expected to compete with IPSA and other private corporations? Or would it be necessary to ban operations like Murray's, and would such action be legal? Another possibility is that IPSA and its competitors might prove to be a better answer to the mail problem than the solution the Kappel Commission has proposed. If all the mail except first-class were handled by private corporations, the existing government system could easily take care of what remained. Too easily, in fact, for such an eventuality might mean the loss of a great many jobs, unless the private corporations simply took over the Government's mailmen. In that case, possibly they could take over the post offices, too.

The stakes are large in the mail-carrying game. For Murray and his partner, Darrell Hinshaw, they represent not simply the $2 million that they and a few investors have gambled on the success of IPSA, but the possibility of getting a substantial piece of the $11 billion which is derived by the Government annually from delivering bulk mail. As a strictly business matter, Murray has already demonstrated that he can do the job more cheaply—$25 per thousand as against the Government's $36. There was an additional saving of $7 for the users for every thousand pieces, because it was not necessary to address the mail for Murray's service.

Like all growing businesses, IPSA has problems. One is personnel, and here the company must do better with its wage scale; its men at the moment earn 40 cents less an hour than government employees, but Murray believes he can pay equivalent wages within a year. More operating capital will also be needed if Murray is to expand to all fifty states and serve 80 per cent of the people, as he plans; this expansion will require about $80 million of investment money. Some of this money would be used to build 400 postal stations across the country to handle the traffic.

The critical point will come when, as Murray confidently expects, some of the nation's largest users of bulk mail turn away from the government service to private enterprise systems. That could be the decisive move to divert the growing flood of mail into private channels, and might well be the answer to the Post Office Department's enormous problem, eliminating one of the costliest expenditures in the federal budget. Taxpayers, as well as people benefiting from speedy, efficient mail service, would then have something to cheer about.

THE POSSIBILITY that the U.S. Post Office would become a public corporation, as proposed by the Kappel Commission, was raised late in May when President Nixon decided to send Congress a plan to implement the conversion.

As presented to the President by Postmaster General Winton M. Blount, the plan closely follows the proposals of the commission set up by President Johnson, as outlined in this article, differing only in details.

However, there is no guarantee that Congress will approve the plan. The reaction of the postal unions remains problematical, since the proposal removes members from civil service and deprives them of the right to strike against the new public corporation. Other opposition in the form of powerful lobbying is expected to come from mail users who would lose some of the benefits they now enjoy.

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HOW TO START A MAGAZINE

By STUART W. LITTLE

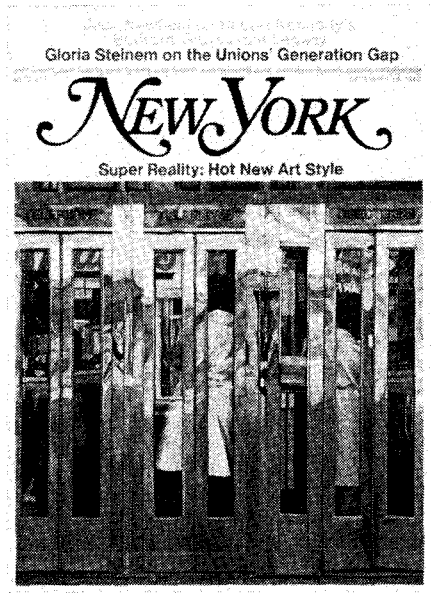
The one-year experience of *New York* magazine demonstrates how much money and push are needed to get a new publication going in today's inflationary communications market—even when the combination of audience, editorial concept, and financial backing is right. Hard work has seen this city-oriented magazine over some of the early humps, and the founders may be cheered by its impact and influence, even if the financial strength has still to catch up.

New York—urbanized rather than urbane—has rapidly built readership among young strivers and achievers who are committed to living in the city. Within its first nine months, subscriptions doubled. Newsstand sales have averaged 25,000 a week—more than *The New Yorker*—and overall circulation is now approaching a healthy 150,000. In the greater New York area, subscription and newsstand, *New York* has been outselling *The New Yorker* for months.

Concept comes directly from the ear-to-the-ground editorial method of Clay Felker, *New York*'s editor, who is largely responsible for the founding and success of the new publication. Next in importance to the right editorial formula, Felker is convinced, comes proper financial execution; the two go together.

Financing has been a major concern. After two rounds of fund-raising, *New York* magazine is now "going public." The first time, $1.1 million was raised through a limited partnership form of agreement. The second time, $1.6 million; the public offering to be made this summer will establish a corporate setup and dissolve the partnership, and is intended to raise $2.5 million for further acquisitions in addition to operating the magazine. (*New York* is expected to get $1.5 million of this sum.)

The enormous expense of starting a new magazine is only part of the story, of course, but an intriguing one, particularly in *New York*'s case. The first money in was the $6,575 Clay Felker himself put up to buy the name from the *World-Journal-Tribune* when the paper folded in May 1967. The sum came right out of his *W-J-T* severance pay. At the time, he was *New York*'s editor. He helped start the magazine as a Sunday supplement for the *Herald Tribune*, and he developed the style there, helping to bring forward such "new journalism" writers as Tom Wolfe, Jimmy Breslin, Peter Maas, and George J. W. Goodman or "Adam Smith."



Getting the magazine established on its own in the face of the death of one publication and the impending death of another—the *Saturday Evening Post*—was not a job Felker was eager to take on. "I was literally forced into doing this," he recently said. "The night before the *World-Journal-Tribune* folded, I got a call at the office from Jimmy Breslin. He told me to meet him at the Monsignore bar. He had something important. When I got there he told me he'd heard the paper was going to fold, and we had to keep the magazine alive. Too much of our blood had gone into it."

Whether as part of the smaller *Herald Tribune* or the large *W-J-T*—class or mass—the magazine had worked. Felker has said, "I saw the impact of the magazine. I was committed to it. And I knew the formula was right."

Working together, Breslin and Felker with their many contacts were unable to establish the truth of the rumor that night. But that night, Felker started laying plans. The following morning, the *W-J-T* went out of business. There were many immediate offers of help; Felker went first to a friend of ten years' standing, Armand G. Erpf, a Wall Street financier, who became the financial architect. Erpf put up the initial money as a loan. It was $20,000, and it later became part of his investment.

Felker spent the summer of 1967 visiting the large estates of the very wealthy in search of $25,000-or-more investors. He had a package to offer: a whole editorial team beginning with Jack Nessel, his managing editor, and the *Tribune* critics Judith Crist, Alan Rich (who also doubles as arts editor), and John Gruen. In Ruth Bower he had a promotion director. Also from the *Tribune* were two other indispensable staff members—Ruth Gilbert, who handles the entertainment listings, and Jane Maxwell, Felker's secretary-assistant.

The staff, the concept, the writers, the record—it was a thoroughly market-tested product, except for one open question: would it sell independently of the newspaper?

Few people seriously approached for money that summer turned *New York* down. An initial "critical mass" of more than half a million dollars was raised; Felker had to bring it together on a given day. Nobody wanted to be first. Eventually, $1.1 million was in hand. More would be needed, they knew, but it was enough to start. In October 1967, a skeleton staff moved into the fourth floor of design director Milton Glaser's Push Pin Studios at 207 East 32nd Street, bringing some furniture from the old *Herald Tribune*, including the desk of Mrs. Ogden Reid and the conference room chairs of John Hay Whitney, both previous *Tribune* publishers. Today, this furniture properly is in the front office of *New York*'s thirty-four-year-old publisher, George A. Hirsch, a slim, wiry, former Time-Life International man who entered this year's Boston Marathon and finished in the top quarter of the field. Hirsch and an initial editorial staff of six began taking all the steps to piece together a new publication. An advertising staff was formed under T. Swift Lockard, Jr., and today numbers seven.

A schedule to begin publication seven months later in April 1968 was laid out. They held to it, after spending about half the initial investment in prepublication expenses, mainly the elaborate charter subscription direct mail campaign with prizes.

In the beginning, there was some

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stumbling around. There were design problems and questionable editorial judgment. The ads, after a fat first issue, all but evaporated. But, from a 50,000 start-up, circulation began to build.

For 1968 and for the first three months of 1969 the total operating expenses of *New York* magazine came to $3.6 million. During the same period total revenue amounted to $1.5 million —a loss of $2.1 million that had been predicted. And as had been expected, Felker and his associates went back for additional financing in November 1968. They returned to their original investors and found some new ones, and raised $1.6 million more on the strength of the magazine's first seven months' performance. The number of investors today totals about 120.

Between trips to Wall Street and the lawyer's office, Felker all the time had to work the editorial side of the street just as hard. His own method as an editor is to get around, see people, listen, and learn what's on people's minds. Hirsch regards Felker as the hottest editor in the United States right now. "He operates by a kind of osmosis. He's a one-man information system."

Felker probably does his best work away from the office, not in reading manuscripts at home, which he does, but in getting out and going to parties where he finds many of his ideas. He is tuned in to the art world, theater, politics, finance, just about everything. To the working lunch, he has added the working breakfast, the working dinner, and the working evening. Says his friend Muriel Resnik, the playwright and novelist, "I know why Clay's such a good editor. He works until 8 o'clock. He goes somewhere every night. He's out with people, he talks to people, he listens to people. And he doesn't drink."

The ideas come from everywhere. "They come from our experience, our own perception," Felker himself says. The prototypical *New York* stories are crammed with sociological data about everyday living: the astronomical cost of Manhattan cooperative apartments (the magazine has also been a guide to getting cheaper ones); going broke on $80,000 a year (and also maintaining some sort of life style on $18,500); private schools (including the cost of uniforms); and renovating brownstones.

All these ideas, as it happens, originated in the office. Many of the magazine's articles are written by unknown writers, many by girl writers—good-looking ones, in their twenties or early thirties. "Name writers are not the key to it," Felker says. "It's the formula that's right."

Other articles deal with normally unspoken subjects such as voyeurism in New York City and unacceptable behavior at parties. There have been articles of sociological insight such as Gloria Steinem's perceptive piece on the "new marriage" of the domineering career-woman and the homosexual man. And there is a balance of informative service features containing such data as where to catch the crosstown buses, how much to pay for bicycle locks, and what gynecologist to consult if you want to predetermine the sex of your offspring.

New York's audience consists of young readers who are not yet out of their thirties, who have still to "make it," and for whom the "gut issues" are finances, housing, and education, with an override of inflation. "We know who we're editing the magazine for," says publisher Hirsch. "We're editing the magazine for the people Clay had lunch with today, for the people I had lunch with yesterday, for the people we see all the time."

The magazine has been criticized for being downbeat, hypercritical, occasionally snide, and for not being constructive. But Felker counters this with his own optimism about the city. "I feel New York is a very healthy, dynamic place. How else could the city take such strikes and disasters in stride without major inconvenience? We're taking our stand in this city and we want to make it better." The magazine's basic editorial drive is to bring about the betterment of urban living.

The magazine has four distinct editorial thrusts. "We record what's happening in the city," says Felker. "We tell people how to get along better in the city today. And we project how the city can be improved, and we show what the good life of the future can be. None of these things is negative."

Breslin has carried this spirit into his political campaign. One of the magazine's founders, he and Norman Mailer are running in the crowded New York City Democratic primary race for City Council President and Mayor, respectively. But Breslin, like *New York* magazine, is basically for Lindsay. "The spirit that created Lindsay is the same spirit that got us off the ground," says Felker. "We're natural allies."

The third round of financing to support these principles is underway. The Security Exchange Commission's prospectus describes the financial history of the magazine to potential investors in the necessarily legalistic "be-wary" language of such documents, listing losses first. According to the prospectus, the magazine would be tied in with a profitable business conference and training facility called Tarrytown House, overlooking the Hudson River and owned and run by Robert L. Schwartz and his wife, Lenore. Both the house and the magazine would be subsidiaries of a holding company known as Aeneid Equities, Inc. Aeneid's chairman will be the magazine's financial strategist, Mr. Erpf, and its president, Alan J. Patricof, a young acquisitions and merger specialist who was particularly helpful during the second round of fund-raising. Under the corporate structure, Felker retains complete editorial control. The public offering will be made within a few months.

The big question, of course, is when

(*Continued on page 63*)

—Photos by Burton Berinsky.

"New York" editor Clay Felker and publisher George Hirsch—"We're taking our stand in this city and we want to make it better."

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Photographic impressions of Beatle songs by **ART KANE**

When I'm Sixty-four

When I get older, losing my hair,
many years from now,
Will you still be sending me a valentine,
Birthday greetings, bottle of wine?
If I'd been out till quarter to three,
would you lock the door?
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four?
You'll be older too,
And if you say the word,
I could stay with you.
I could be handy, mending a fuse,
when your lights have gone.
You can knit a sweater by the fireside,
Sunday mornings, go for a ride.
Doing the garden, digging the weeds,
who could ask for more?
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four?
Every summer we can rent a cottage
in the Isle of Wight,
if it's not too dear.
We shall scrimp and save,
grandchildren on your knee,
Vera, Chuck and Dave.
Send me a postcard, drop me a line,
stating point of view,
Indicate precisely what you mean to say,
Yours sincerely, wasting away,
Give me your answer, fill in a form,
mine for ever more,
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four?

© [illegible]

The way people interpret Beatle music is the way the six blind men described their first elephant. Is *When I'm Sixty-four*, for instance, a happy spoof of the ricky-tick tempos of the 1920s or a bittersweet lament about growing old? The Beatles themselves won't say. On these pages Photographer Art Kane has found images that five Beatle songs evoke for him.

Editorial Art (color)—photograph by Art Kane (for editorial pages of "Life").

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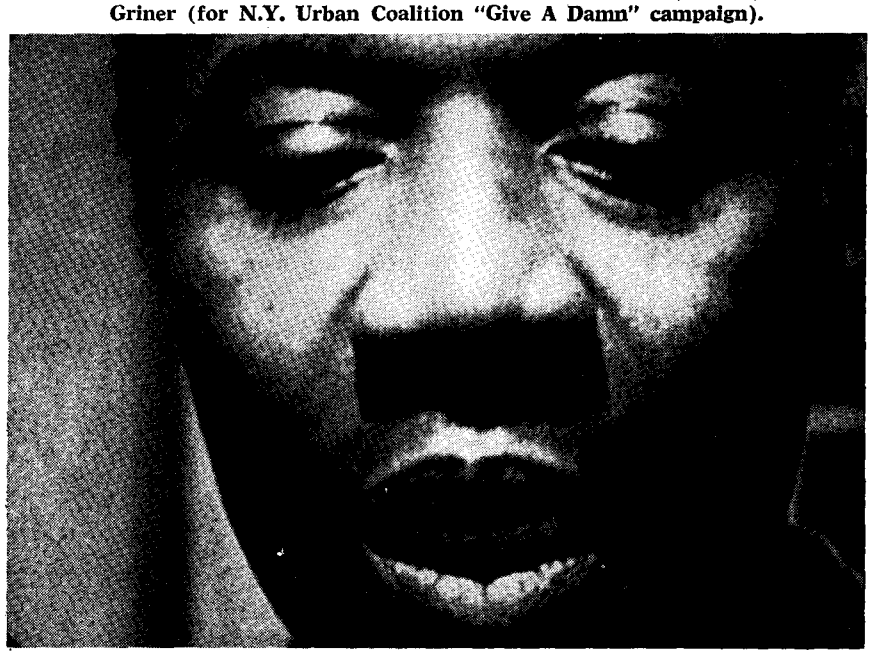
Public Service TV Commercials (black and white)—Horn/ Griner (for N.Y. Urban Coalition "Give A Damn" campaign).



ART FOR AD'S SAKE

By MARGARET R. WEISS

When the Art Directors Club unveiled its forty-eighth annual awards in advertising and editorial art and design, the photographic community had reason to be pleased. Not only were photographers Jon Abbot and Art Kane among the seventeen gold medalists, but camera and film came through easily as the year's predominant communicator in consumer-culture art.

Even the club's awards luncheon committee itself bowed to this influence, for it elected a film presentation as the medium by which to make known the jury's award selections. Before an audience of 1,400 guests in New York's Americana Hotel ballroom, a mini-retrospective that telescoped five decades of advertising into five minutes of "accelerated" images introduced the longer, slower-paced, less eye-defying projection of the prizewinning entries.

This half-hour program put on record that the year had produced few innovations or new directions in either graphics or design, but that there were notable shifts in medium and emphasis. More than one-third of both the medal and merit awards went to television categories; the graphic was continuing to veer heavily toward the photographic; camera technique was more fully exploited in printed as well as electronic image; offbeat humor of the shaggy-dog or underdog variety crept into the hard-sell of video commercials; filmed public service campaigns had brought out some of the best talent.

From the documentary evidence of the credits list, it is clear that adver-

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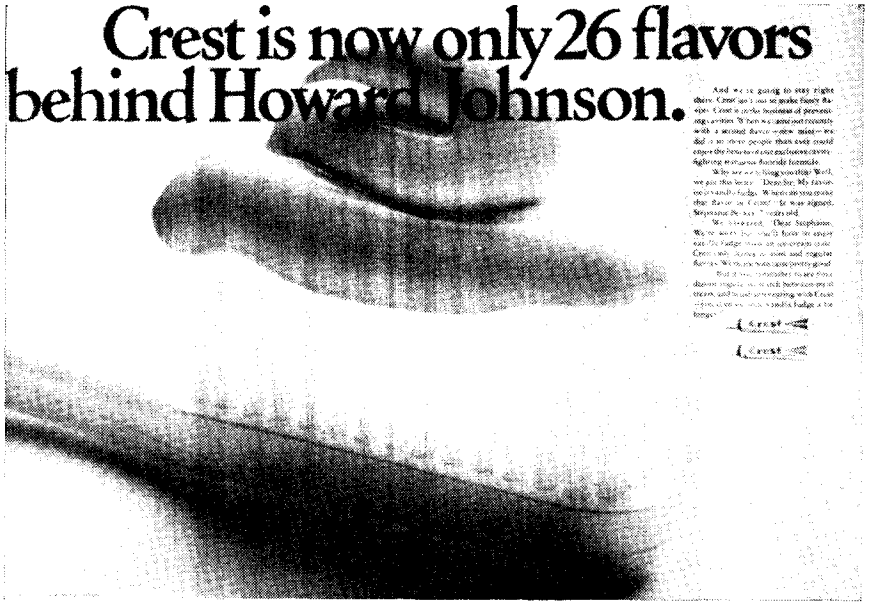
tising art has been undergoing a vocational cross-pollination. Art directors have become photographers; photographers have become producers of TV film commercials. Television is where most of the action is—and where many of the talented have gone, whether for creative challenge or financial reward, or both.

Had an art director of 1920 been on hand to see the current awards, he might have had difficulty in recognizing his professional purview. While he had been able to function largely alone in his creative areas, calling upon little more than those pen-and-brush techniques that served him as layout designer and renderer, his present-day counterpart must be conversant with the whole elaborate tool kit of merchandising, marketing, corporate design programing, packaging, photography, and the television camera. Today's communications concepts—Madison Avenue's newest term for its sales messages extolling product, service, institution, or nation—require the art director to tap a wide assortment of visual and aural techniques and to create cooperatively with researchers, copywriters, merchandisers, designers, artists, photographers, graphic design studios, and television producers.

Representing its 600 members, the Art Directors Club operates from a Fifth Avenue penthouse suite, strategically placed in the heart of the communications industry and rimmed with a garden terrace that offers an inspiring wide-angle vista of the city skyline. Its purpose: "to protect, promote, and elevate the standards of practice of the profession . . . and to promote an awareness of the influence and unique position of the art director in industry by developing a broader understanding of the function of visual communication in commerce, the community, and government."

As star vehicle for the club's promotional and educational endeavors, the lavishly launched annual awards are not allowed to fade from view with the last remnants of the ceremonial luncheon. A traveling exhibition of the top-ranking entries is circulated here and abroad, and a handsome commemorative yearbook is assured its niche on agency and school library reference shelves.

From exhibition wall and printed page the award winners should proclaim what one agency's own institutional ad recently pointed out: "Creativity works in any medium; only the technical details change." But they also indicate that big portfolios may be on the way out, with 35 mm film and carousel projector the "In" way to show advertising art samples.



(Top) Consumer Product TV Commercials (color)—Pacific Commercials (for Purina).

(Center) Magazine Ads (color) two pages or more—photograph by Al Francekevich (for Procter & Gamble).

(Bottom) Newspaper Ads (black and white) 500 lines or more)—Horn/Griner (for Mobil Oil Co.).

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STORIES THE PAPERS MISS

By JOHN HOHENBERG

An elderly scholar, who had lived alone, died recently in a small farming community not far from New York City, leaving a huge quantity of back issues of *The New York Times* scattered about his home. Ordinarily, they would have been thrown out unceremoniously. Fortunately, they were not.

For when the lawyer for the ancient recluse picked up one of the papers a few days after the funeral and idly turned the pages, an uncashed dividend check dropped out. This was an unanticipated bonus for reading a twelve-year-old copy of the *Times*. Mildly interested, the visitor investigated another paper and found another check. When he plucked a third check from a third paper, he suddenly decided that *The New York Times* was far from dull. On the contrary, he concluded that it was downright fascinating, with or without the editorials of John B. Oakes.

Thereupon, the most eager and painstaking scrutiny of the press began in the antiquated farmhouse. Never were newspapers scanned so carefully and so thoroughly without a single word being read except, of course, by accident. Cyrus Sulzberger was ignored. Harold Schonberg was brushed aside. Not even Arthur Daley could compete with this bonanza.

When the unusual newsprint mining operation had ended, the uncashed dividend checks, bond coupons, and other assorted financial yields added an impressive amount to the recluse's estate. The lawyer, whose diligence had produced so agreeable a result, could only conclude that the elderly gentleman had been accustomed to slipping his mail absent-mindedly between the pages of the *Times* and would promptly forget all about it.

Such devotion to the press, even in the abstract, is worth noting in this television age when editors are searching for new ways to make the pages of their newspapers more attractive. It is perhaps expecting too much to have dollar bills inserted in copies at random to titillate the reader (although in the old days the Denver *Post* and others used to give away tons of coal to stimulate circulation). But it may be asked whether the current trend toward a compendium of public service and enterprise material, features, pictures, analysis, and interpretation has gone so far that the news itself is being underemphasized.

To those who skim impatiently through their newspapers for all of ten minutes, paying attention primarily to horoscopes, comics, "Dear Abby," and the A&P's sale price for lamb chops, the more substantial content doesn't matter. It never has. But among serious readers, whose numbers and influence are respectable even though they are an undoubted minority of the 61 million Americans who buy newspapers daily, there is a certain amount of nervousness. The specific gravity of press content as a whole is showing far too much of a loss for the temper of the times, and not many readers really like the trend.

I shall call just two witnesses in presenting my case.

The first is the most disinterested and faithful newspaper reader I know, Sir Denis William Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge. At home, newspapers are all over in well-thumbed piles. And when he makes one of his periodic descents upon the United States for a cross-country automobile tour, he halts dutifully to buy local newspapers at every town and village along his route. He does not merely skim them. He reads, beginning with page 1—as properly trained newspaper readers should—and continues through the want ads, duly observing what is going on in the locality as well as what is being reported of the great national and world events of the day.

"There's not much hard news any more," says Sir Denis, with just a trace of Scottish indignation, "although I must say that you Americans are not quite as bad as the British papers. Take the *Times*"—and, of course, to Sir Denis that can mean only the *Times* that is published in London—"The *Times* is almost all analysis, features, soft stuff. When I buy a newspaper," and here the glint of blue lightning is in his eyes, "I look for hard news. If I really must, I think I can do my own analysis and interpretation."

The second witness, no less earnest and no less disinterested, is a beautiful young lady who studies journalism at the graduate level. She does not have the heart-warming pull toward print that marks a man of Sir Denis's years and attainments, since she is a child of television; nevertheless, she scans the papers with just as much dismay. "Why," she asks with youthful inelegance, "do they print all that bull?" When it is patiently explained to her that today's newspaper must analyze and interpret if it is to compete against television for the attention of a more intellectual public, her reply is devastatingly simple: "Why don't they print news?"

Let me make it clear at this point that I am not changing direction. Having argued for many years for a greater devotion in the press to analysis and interpretation together with a broader effort at public service and enterprise journalism, I am not about to give up just because the battle seems to be won. Rather, I am as deeply concerned as Sir Denis and the beautiful journalism student over what we all take to be an alarming tendency to de-emphasize hard news in the more advanced sections of the press.

Quite honestly, it is difficult to determine what we fear we are missing if we can't identify it, name it, and give it shape and breadth. All we know is that there are more features, more pictures, more analyses, and more general interpretive material in most newspapers today, which is all to the good. But what has happened to the news that used to fill these same approximate columns? Naturally, the great events in Vietnam, Europe, and the Middle East come to us as rapidly as ever, and in more depth; from Washington, too, we receive even more news of a new President and his struggling young Administration.

But at other levels, are reporters encouraged quite as much to dig for the story that may or may not be there, instead of just going with the surface event? Everybody who has been in government, even for a short time, remarks on how much is going on that the press does not find out about very quickly, if at all. And at fairly high levels, when government press officers are instructed to make public certain facts if somebody asks about them, it is a fairly common experience that days—and sometimes weeks—may go by before the query is made. Admittedly, this is a dubious government

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practice, but it exists and reporters have to live with it.

There are other worrisome symptoms at the local level, where relatively small but interesting occurrences become generally known in a town but somehow never reach the dignity of print or mention on a newscast. The tale of the ancient recluse who tucked a small fortune into old copies of *The New York Times* is one of them. I also know of an unfortunate man, a minor pillar of his community, who each Sunday passed the plate at church before he stood trial for killing his father and who since has gone to prison for the crime. Except for his sympathetic fellow parishioners, few knew of his preoccupation with atonement and good works. Then, there was the case of a multimillionaire whose will was so interesting that it was read in its entirety by the curious at the county courthouse, but the somewhat whimsical provisions in it were never published or broadcast. Under the circumstances, I can't help wondering how much else is not being reported in other communities throughout the land. In many places, when Sir Denis William Brogan buys a local paper, I suspect he is not really getting his dime's worth. And *he* does, too.

There are whole areas in American life that are either not covered sufficiently or are neglected altogether. How many newspapers or broadcast media, for example, cover their state legislatures day-by-day during the working session? How many even attempt to cover the courts within their jurisdiction—federal, state, and local—except on the firehouse principle? Entire city and county departments can go for weeks and months in various parts of the nation without a single reporter coming around to poke his inquisitive nose into their business. And as for many a disadvantaged area —black, Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, or other—it often takes a riot to persuade the news media that reporters should be stationed in the section, even for a few days or weeks, to see what goes on day by day.

For decades, an academic community such as Columbia University was covered with a student stringer by some of the greatest newspapers in New York City, although it contains more students, faculty, and staff employees (more than 30,000) than a number of American state capitals. Only during the riots of last spring did the price of such neglect become apparent. And the Columbia story is by no means unique. In specialized fields other than education, the news media by and large still have not absorbed the lesson that nothing can substitute for day-to-day coverage. With only a few brilliant exceptions, there is every reason to be dissatisfied with the reporting of developments in medicine and public health, most branches of science, religion, and cultural activities including criticism.

Too many newspapers, in the most prosperous times they have ever enjoyed, seem to be slowing down or otherwise contracting their first function, the gathering of news, on the theory that radio and television inevitably present the news first. Of course they *can*. But do they? The all-news radio stations blat on all day, repeating the same dreary round of material derived mainly from the wire services. Is that really all the news that is available even to a newspaper with a modest staff? The content of the news weeklies, which also are enjoying unprecedented prosperity, argues otherwise.

The undoubted truth is that television, for all its speed and marvelous pictorial facility, has grievous limitations as a news medium that every thoughtful viewer fully recognizes. In fact, the stars of television newscasters — Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley—are the first to concede that they can present no more material in a thirty-minute newscast than can be covered in a single newspaper page, and that only in bulletin form. Despite the figurative blare of trumpets that accompanies the boastful, "Joe Schmaltz has the story," it becomes obvious most of the time that good old Joe has just about what the Associated Press, United Press International, or Reuters have sent into the office, plus some appropriate film footage. Moreover, Joe can scarcely cover all the wire service file, because he doesn't have the time.

I sympathize with editors who complain that their papers are likely to be mere dusty echoes of last night's newscasts if they feature the same basic news, even though it has been broadcast only in capsule form. But it does seem to me that the wire service people have at least a part of the answer when they argue, in return, that the greatest part of their daily file cannot be put on the air. A newspaper reader today has every right to expect novelty as well as background and explanation when he pays his 10 cents for his daily or weekly publication. If it is stuff that the broadcast media have available and do not use or are incapable of using, well and good. But beyond that, there is an inescapable obligation on the part of the press to present fresh news that has not been seen, heard, or even published elsewhere. This is the heart of independent journalism. Once it stops pumping, the body of independent journalism is dead.

I can almost hear some of the nation's editors muttering that I am asking the impossible, for such new explorations into fresh areas of the news will take a considerable staff. True. But is it really impossible to engage and train a few more reporters per newspaper in this country? If every one of the 1,760 dailies determined right now to hire only an average of two each, this would mean more than 3,500 new, eager, young, and active *news* people plunging into an adventure that has stimulated so many of us in journalism. And if every television and radio station did the same thing, the nation's corps of reporters would be given a formidable basis for competition far beyond what is now visible in any area of the news ouside Washington, D.C. This is no mere dream. It takes just a little proprietary vision and a basic decision to plow some profits back into the business, to unplug some of the clogged and neglected sources of the news.

What newspapers require more than anything else if they are to compete on a realistic basis with the broadcast media and the news weeklies is access to far broader areas of the news. It can't be done merely by wishing or by waving a magic wand. Instead of shrinking, news staffs will have to be expanded. Instead of abdicating the first telling of the news entirely to radio and television, as too many now seem perfectly willing to do, a more determined effort will have to be made to produce and present news of an original nature, without sacrificing the new emphasis on public service journalism and analysis.

Long ago, in a lighthearted moment, Turner Catledge responded to a request for a definition of news by saying, "News is what is published in newspapers." It had better be, if newspapers are to continue to exist.

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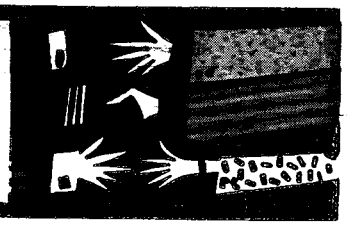
Public Relations



Noblesse Oblige

Newspaper publishers have not had a reputation for being very solicitous about their employees. Until the very recent past publishers both in this country and in Canada have acted as if it were a great privilege to work for them, and if a reporter, or a deskman, or anyone else did not like things the way they were, why he could leave. Only with the shortage of help, upon the advent of radio and television which paid staffers better than newspaper work, did publishers being to worry about the pool of young men they could draw on.

When two papers merged, when a property was sold, or when a paper was simply folded, the last ones told were the employees. Not all, but far too many publishers showed little concern about their relations with their employees. Few self-respecting industrial corporations would dare pay as little heed to the welfare of their employees as have many publishers of large metropolitan newspapers.

Tales are many of newspapermen who had their first inkling that the papers they worked on were being folded or merged with competitors, when a notice was posted on the office bulletin board on the very day of the event. There are honorable exceptions of course, but they are too few. It is all the more interesting then to take a close look at one publisher, in these days of many mergers, who kept the employees' welfare in the forefront of his mind, and who believed that those who worked for the newspaper not only were vitally interested in its future but that their lives were closely interwoven with it.

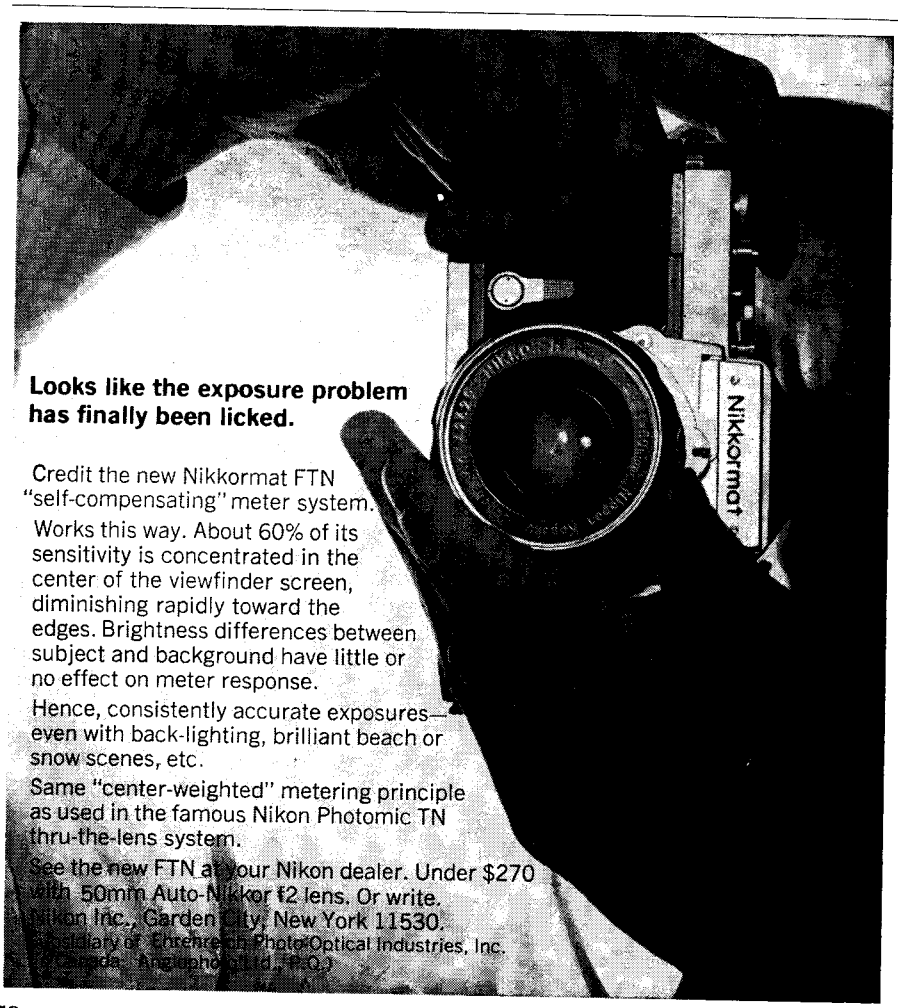
The story of the *Gazette* of Montreal is worth reading by publishers who some day may have to sell their newspapers or merge them with others. The *Gazette* is the oldest metropolitan newspaper in Canada. It was founded on June 3, 1778, as *La Gazette du Commerce et Litteraire,* by a French printer, Fleury Mesplet, who was persuaded by Benjamin Franklin to go to Montreal from Philadelphia in an attempt to convince Canadians of the superior merits of a republican form of government over a monarchy. The newspaper was bought by two brothers, Thomas and Richard White, in 1870. The ownership and direction of the *Gazette,* both the daily newspaper and its allied printing plant, remained in the family until it was sold last fall to the Southam Press, Limited, now owners of eleven dailies in Canada.

Charles H. Peters, the president and chairman of the *Gazette,* whose mother was a White, held control through his shares and those of his two sisters. Two other senior owners were R. S. White and W. K. White. All told they had fourteen heirs. The fact that there were this many heirs was one reason for selling. Another was that the *Gazette,* with a circulation of 140,000, wasn't large enough to command the finances necessary to keep the physical plant modern. There were other advantages: reduced costs of services through common advertising representation, common news service, shared cost projects which would come from association with a larger newspaper group.

All of Canada's metropolitan newspapers have outside support of some kind at present, although they were all family-owned until recently. The Montreal *Star* could, if need be, draw on a large family fortune. The Toronto *Telegram* has its own television operation. The *Globe and Mail,* Toronto, is part of the Free Press group. The Toronto *Star* has gone public. So, it was simply a matter of time until the *Gazette* would be sold.

The Peters-run newspaper decided not to go public, because of Mr. Peters's conviction that a newspaper is a highly personal undertaking, not the kind to be held by public stockholders. The *Gazette* could have been sold to the Montreal *Star.* This was not the course Mr. Peters and the other members of the White family wanted, because of the need to maintain two separate voices representing the English-speaking minority in Montreal. In addition, the editorial attitude and journalistic philosophy of these two newspapers were at variance.

That left three choices of newspaper groupings for Mr. Peters. They were the Thompson papers, the Free Press group, and the Southam Press. Southam, too, had printing interests like the *Gazette,* and they would be complemen-


Nikkormat
Looks like the exposure problem has finally been licked.
Credit the new Nikkormat FTN "self-compensating" meter system.
Works this way. About 60% of its sensitivity is concentrated in the center of the viewfinder screen, diminishing rapidly toward the edges. Brightness differences between subject and background have little or no effect on meter response.
Hence, consistently accurate exposures—even with back-lighting, brilliant beach or snow scenes, etc.
Same "center-weighted" metering principle as used in the famous Nikon Photomic TN thru-the-lens system.
See the new FTN at your Nikon dealer. Under $270 with 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. Or write.
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Western Electric: we make Bell telephones.
We're also opening the second biggest university in Princeton.

Like Princeton University, just minutes down the road, we have labs and a library, dorms, dining halls, classrooms and a campus. We may even plant ivy.

But there the similarity ends. Because our new Corporate Education Center is dedicated to one purpose: helping our engineers, managers and other professional people develop and expand their skills. By staying on top of their fields they help us bring you better telephone service and equipment, through the Bell System.

To do it we have a faculty and staff of over 100 and a curriculum of three hundred courses: Company operations, management training, computer technology, a variety of electronic and manufacturing specialties, even a full-fledged engineering program that leads to an M.S. degree from Lehigh University.

The communications explosion isn't right around the corner. It's here now. To keep up with it, we've got a lot to learn. Pardon us if we don't play football.

Western Electric
Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System

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shhh!

The sight of very young people deeply absorbed in books was once restricted to a school or library. Today there is a big and varied juvenile book market. The Elf Book series and other Rand McNally publications for children have long been part of a special effort to obtain distribution in mass markets for books with high editorial standards and broad appeal. To do this requires a unique approach to publication planning, editing and production methods; but it produces satisfied (and temporarily quiet) young customers. **Rand McNally,** publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.

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tary. And the Southams, Mr. Peters felt, had the same respect for the duties and obligations of newspaper publishing as the *Gazette*'s management. So, the initiative for the sale came to the Southams from the *Gazette*. The initial negotiations went through late summer and early fall. The final decision was announced on October 22, 1968, to the *Gazette* directors who, apart from Mr. Peters and the two Whites, were all company executives holding qualifying shares.

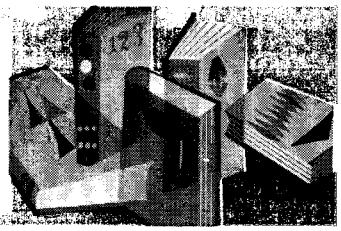
A great deal of advanced planning went into the announcement of the takeover. The directors assembled first and were given a quick outline of events. They were joined by the next level of administrators for a fuller outline of the reasons for selling and for the choice of buyer. And this meeting was timed to break up as soon as the market closed.

Then began Mr. Peters's tour of the departments of the company which took the rest of the day and much of the night. During the next eight hours, he spoke in French and English to all of the more than 900 employees from copyboys and apprentices to department heads. He talked for some fifteen minutes to each group of employees; he answered questions, and told them he would be available for additional questions and answers in his office. Mr. Peters made essentially the same speech to all his employees.

In every case he outlined the reasons the sale was being made and his convictions that the takeover would assure the continuity of the paper and improve the opportunities of its employees. He told them the terms of the sale, and assured them that no job would be lost because of the sale. He also told them that the terms of the sale included retention of all benefits offered by the *Gazette* where these were superior to those of the Southams, and that where the Southam benefits were superior, then they would apply. He also told the employees there would be no change in the executive direction of the *Gazette* or its editorial policies, and that he himself was remaining as president. And since some of the Southam shops were union and others not, Peters's remaining as the chief executive did a great deal to abate the momentary surge in the back shop which is unionized. The *Gazette*'s editorial workers are not in a union. While Mr. Peters was explaining the sale and all its terms to the employees, editorial executives were phoning detailed news of the sale to the bureaus in Quebec City, Ottawa, and Toronto, and to reporters who were on out-of-town assignments.

—L.L.L. Golden.

Books in Communications



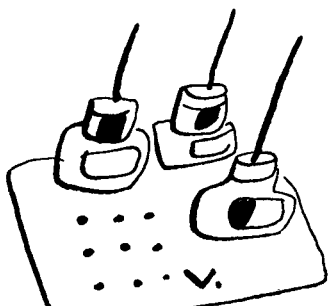
The Directors Decide

A new editor—young, idealistic, news-trained—steps in to save the old, doddering family-dominated mass circulation magazine. The first day he fires the office deadwood—overage editors marking time for retirement. He summons a staff of aggressive, news-oriented journalists, and transfers the editorial department from Washington to New York, the communications capital. Editorial policy is shifted from woolly entertainment stories to hard information pieces and exposés—"sophisticated muckraking" that gets regular wire service play. The tide begins to turn.

The struggle to resuscitate the ailing magazine forces the editor, Lee Crawford, to suggest a plan to restructure the Marshall Publishing Company: unload the paper company, printing plant, and circulation company; focus on the magazine; effect a pullback of the *Weekly Tribune*'s circulation from seven million to four or five million, making it class rather than mass. Crawford resolves to preserve the magazine as a weekly in the face of pressure to cut losses and go biweekly.

A titanic corporate struggle ensues. He has a few allies, and he develops many enemies. Unforeseen events becloud the issues. Editorial integrity is jeopardized (unjustly) by a $10-million libel suit which weakens Crawford's hand. The strains on the corporate treasury are dramatically eased by a sensational oil strike on property adjacent to timberland owned by Marshall's paper company.

Does this sound like the *Saturday Evening Post* of a few years ago? It should. *The Board Room* is a novel by Clay Blair, Jr. (E. P. Dutton, $6.95). He was editor in chief of the *Post* in 1963-64 and left the company as executive vice president after a bitter internal power struggle that erupted in a palace revolt of the editorial staff which he led. It was put down in a tempestuous board meeting, just like in the book. Blair's book ends badly for the editorial side. And the *Post* died, although that event was to come later. The folding of the *Post* will be forever linked with the name of Martin S. Ackerman, yet it was foretold in the corporate struggles that preceded his takeover. He was merely the last and most foolish "savior."



Blair's book—tough-talking, swiftly paced, smooth as coated cover stock—nails down the supposed villains of big-time modern publishing: financiers with hidden motives, corporate hatchet men, incompetent publishers who falsify ad forecasts, and young corporate climbers waiting for one editorial misstep. There were a number of editorial missteps on the *Post*, none in the book. As novelist, the author is more concerned with institutional forces and power plays than character. In the disintegration of the hero, everything (an affair with the magazine's pretty fiction editor, his family relationships) crumbles rather suddenly along with his power position.

Publishing is a business that essentially speaks for itself, and therefore is hard to write about, like acting, dancing, and musicianship. But Blair is effective in dramatizing the editorial process. There are vivid moments in the editor's office and around the layout table. There are real names in the book—James Jones, Cardinal Spellman, Richard M. Nixon. A dramatic confrontation scene takes place in Cardinal Spellman's residence in which indelicate ecclesiastical pressure is brought to bear on the *Tribune* editor for a projected piece on parochial schools. Such a scene must have actually happened. One reads "Lee Crawford" and thinks Clay Blair. Fiction edges close to fact throughout, just as the factual newspaper accounts of the struggles surrounding the demise of the *Post* read like fiction. *The Board Room* is clearly an inside view of one of the biggest publishing stories of the day, and just as clearly it is not the last word on the subject.

—Stuart W. Little.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 41: Neal, lane, élan, lean, Lena.

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Continued from page 41

ly four centuries and a theater ballet tradition from 1748, can never stop either. Where is this royal ballet—older than Russia's Imperial-and-now-State Ballet—headed? With this summer's festival of Danish ballet and opera—planned for the tourist season—facts, trends, and clues are clearly manifested. The fact is that the Royal Danish Ballet, under Flindt's firm hand, is performing magnificently, from child dancers and *corps de ballet* through exciting young soloists to electrifying principals and truly superb mimes. The trend is to reinstate the Bournonville masterpieces, modernize them without undue tampering (although I did see one alien Bolshoi lift in *La Ventana,* and totally unnecessary it was), and balance them with contemporary ballets ranging from the works of Balanchine to hoped-for avant-garde creations. And the clues are that where choreographic and staging matters went wrong under Flindt, the blame could be laid directly to bad taste.

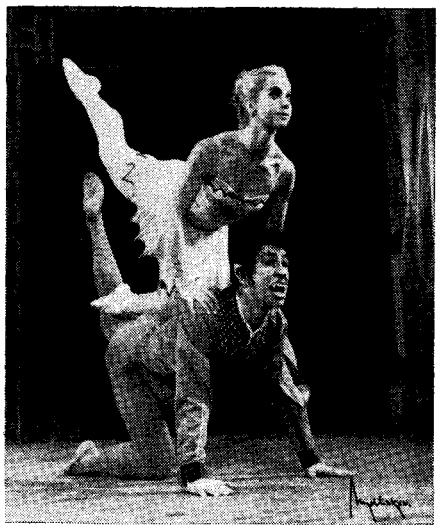
Before commenting upon the tawdry, tinsel trash that is his *Galla Variations,* to music of Riisiger and costumes by Daydé, or the part-good, part-unsatisfactory *The Young Man to Be Married* (scenario by Ionesco and Flindt, and music of Per Noergaard), or the wholly successful *The Lesson* (Ionesco), or the all-Balanchine program, which attracted the smallest audience, or the popular Bournonville presentations, let me report on the gala air of the festival and upon some performances of unforgettable beauty, power, excitement, and that undefinable charm (a personal love affair multiplied to include an entire audience) that is far more Danish than that pastry (which the Danes have never tasted).

First of all, the festival is being held under the patronage of King Frederik IX—as it always has been in the past—who lends his presence, as well as his name, to the occasion. The monarch, whose several titles include the provocative and awesome one of "King of the Goths and the Vandals" (his dynasty, beginning with Gorm the Old and Harald Bluetooth, spans 1,000 years and is the oldest in Europe), is known not only as a sailor king and as a licensed railroad engineer but also as a highly accomplished orchestral conductor. At one performance of the ballet festival, I noted that the orchestral balance, the *tutti,* seemed a bit off. I glanced up at the royal box and saw His Majesty whip out a concealed score, put on his glasses, and do a quick check. What he saw apparently satisfied him, for he whispered something to the beautiful Queen Ingrid (who had been keeping tabs on the dancing) and leaned back in his thronelike chair. (Musicians may be interested to know that although he bows to his subjects and foreign guests as they stand at the entrance into the royal box, at the end of a performance, he accords the pit musicians a regal, but admiring, bow.)

But what of His Majesty's dancers—and they are his, for they perform in court functions at one or more of his palaces, or hear his voice on the telephone in praise, or in query, about a special performance—for they, too, are royal, special, distinguished as dancers. In capsule, viewing this ballet festival in Copenhagen, let me throw a light upon certain performers.

Miss Sand's contemporary, Fredbjoern Bjoernsson, recently celebrated his 25th anniversary as a permanent member—after his years as a child dancer—of the Royal Danish Ballet. Once he played Franz (and he was one of the best in the world) to Miss Sand's Swanilda, and now he plays old Dr. Coppelius; once he danced, to perfection, the First Cadet in *Graduation Ball,* and now he turns the role of the old general into a comic masterpiece. Of course, he has younger roles—he still does *tours en l'air* to both right and left—but the point is that when he reached maturity, he was not put out to pasture; instead, his truly great artistry is encouraged to flourish and grow. Small wonder that Miss Sand says, "I have no favorite dancer—except Freddie."

There is the *prima ballerina,* Kirsten Simone, whose luminous eyes dance, as well as her feet, and who is a technically bright Odile (you should see her whip off those thirty-two *fouettés*) in *Swan Lake,* a sexpot in some contemporary ballets, and absolutely irresistible as the bride-to-be who falls in love with a wolf in Roland Petit's *Le Loup.* Henning Kronstam, the *premier danseur,* is "a noble prince" of the cast and class of a Bruhn, yet with his own personality. He is flawless in the Bournonville style, dashing in the Petipa works, equally at home in modern dance, and both virtuoso and actor-dancer.



Kirsten Simone and Flemming Flindt, director of the Royal Danish Ballet, in "Le Loup"—Simone is "irresistible."

By world-wide standards, young Niels Kehlet is an artist of rare accomplishment. His small, lithe body soars to uncommon heights, and his *batterie* dazzles the eye with its dizzying speeds. He is heartbreaking in the title role of Glen Tetley's *Pierrot Lunaire,* and irrepressibly antic, on ground or in air, as the harlequin-like Jester in *Swan Lake.*

Flindt, of course, is a striking dancer, equally adept in Bournonville, modern classics, and contemporary character parts.

Then there are the lovely, wistful Anna Laerkeson, possessing both the technique and the mystique of a real ballerina (she glitters in the classical *pas de deux* in *Graduation Ball,* and she tugs at every protective male heart in Bournonville's *La Sylphide*); Flemming Ryberg (Simone's brother), who has recently emerged as a dancer of top-flight caliber not only in Bournonville and Petipa but also in those acting-dancing assignments at which the Danes excel; Flemming Halby, who has advanced steadily since I last saw the company; Vivi Gelker (just add a "d" to her first name and you have the most accurate description of her that is possible), who plays with equal exuberance the role of Mrs. Flindt in private life and, onstage, an incredible range of roles from Bournonville through comediennes and coquettes to sirens and villainesses.

Right at the top of the list you would also find diminutive Solveig Oestergaard, with the soaring leap which Bournonville demanded of his ladies, the piquancy required in comedy parts, and a virtuosity that carries her through everything. Mette Hoenningen, Inga Olafson, and tiny Dinna Bjoern, along with Anne Marie Vessel (her father, Poul, is still on stage after close to fifty years), are among the other young girls who shine in the Royal Danish Ballet. Of the boys, Palle Jacobsen looms important, for he is tall, technically assured, a splendid partner, and modeled, in dance elegance, after Kronstam. Johnny Eliason, Hans Jakob Koelgaard, Arne Bech (with the perfect feet), and Tage Wendt are among the other youths who bear watching.

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"New York"

Continued from page 53

will the turn-around come. Subscriptions at a regular $8 a year or a charter subscriber's $5 have been coming in at a high 75 per cent renewal rate. The ads are showing a good, but not yet good enough, progression. Since the first of the year, the average number of weekly advertising pages has been double that of the initial twelve months. Advertising averaged nineteen pages in April and hit twenty to twenty-one in May of this year. The magazine is heading now into advertising's summer doldrums, but a big fall is ahead and the ad season reaches a peak just before Christmas. For break-even, at current costs, forty-nine pages would be needed. The rates will go up September 1 for a circulation guarantee of 150,000. At the new rates, thirty-six pages would be required—if the costs hold the same.

New York is gaining advertiser support at a time when its ultimate competitor, *The New Yorker*, continues its slow decline in numbers of advertising pages from its record year of 1966. (It is still too early to predict exactly what effect *The New Yorker*'s startling editorial innovation—putting in a table of contents for the first time in its forty-four-year history—will have on this slide.)

Ultimately, of course, advertiser acceptance is the key to a magazine's success. *New York* has aready shown considerable stamina. George Hirsch wore the *New York* logotype and No. 622 on his shirtfront when he entered the 26-mile Boston Marathon. The bad hills come late in the run, and the worst is Heartbreak Hill in Newton. As Hirsch strained up Heartbreak Hill, there was a Newton cop in a squad car at the top. He put a bullhorn to his mouth and aimed it at Hirsch, who remembers the metallic message word for word: "When you reach the crest of the hill you have six miles to go. And it's all downhill. Your achievement is superlative. You have my complete admiration." Hirsch had tears in his eyes as he started on the downward slope. He finished 341 out of a field of 1,352 and was timed at 3:26:00. He lost nine pounds on the run.

New York magazine may lose a few more pounds, too, but with any kind of luck, the way it is going, it should be over the crest of the hill by next Christmas.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. fox. 2. ape. 3. cow. 4. bear. 5. buck. 6. ferret. 7. badger. 8. weasel. 9. monkey. 10. steer. 11. ram. 12. wolf. 13. rat. 14. seal. 15. hound (*or* dog). 16. hog.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.00 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 88¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 91¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 94¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 97¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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(Continued from page 63)

SUMMER GUIDANCE & STUDY INSTITUTE—June 30th-August 16th. Unique, individualized Vocational and Educational Career Plan determines realistic goals for boys in grades 7-12. Accredited college-prep courses in English, 3 languages, sciences, math, history. Remedial Reading. Classes limited to 5. Driver Education. Broad cultural program. Swimming, golf, tennis, riding and other recreational opportunities in White Mountains vacation area. Inclusive fee covers everything. Scholarship aid available. Director: John H. Flynn, Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine 04037. Tel. 207-935-2040.

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CAMPS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1836

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Valuable and pleasing.	25 36 87 104 111 114 131 141 142
B. Things designed or installed to serve specific functions.	147 163 181 194 14 27 55 66 71 86
C. "O ——! stern and wild" (Scott, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel")	136 168 193 7 12 18 31 38 53
D. Shelley's elegy for Keats.	59 95 119 170 179 205 9
E. Uncompromising adherence to the highest ideals.	35 65 76 81 99 106 189
F. Followed by WORD G: "Then must you speak/ Of ————" (3 wds., "Othello")	197 199 20 22 102 112 118 122 127 63 80 150
G. See WORD F: "——— but too well" (2 wds., "Othello")	183 200 29 133 152 34 48 56 212
H. W. S. Gilbert's Agib was its prince.	16 64 82 90 116 145 8
I. Great American trotting horse (1849-76) after whom a stake for 3-yr.-olds was named.	125 130 162 176 15 24 33 44 58 84 94 188
J. Grammatical case (esp. Finnish and Hungarian) denoting a state of being.	191 204 19 30 109 126
K. Fattened beast paired with hatred in Prov. 15:17 (2 wds.)	28 68 72 107 115 140 164 173 128
L. Imprudent, not alert.	79 85 138 185 92 57
M. Region of France noted for paté de foie gras and truffles.	100 103 167 4 43 52 177 26
N. Painter's range of colors.	54 169 123 149 153 158 165
O. .30 caliber rifles used by doughboys in WW I.	178 195 209 108 161 132 175 40
P. Infuriating highway menaces (2 wds.)	105 144 192 5 23 45 78 96
Q. Neutral, undecided (3 wds.)	174 207 73 134 39 42 61 77 32 67
R. Spanish dance done with castanets in triple time.	120 203 6 46 1 11 186 41
S. Basted.	97 155 201 3 88 62
T. Short-tempered types.	137 206 159 154 93 10 171 49
U. Springiness.	89 156 182 50 124 146 202 166 75 69
V. A mild cheddar cheese.	160 21 113 172 2 211 98 47
W. Island, Hyogo prefecture, in the Inland Sea, Japan (comp.)	13 151 83 210 148 51 17 157 60 121
X. Something that, as well as angling, "can never be fully learnt," said Isaak Walton.	70 187 129 139 101 190 198 196 135 37 117
Y. Disheveled (var. sp.)	91 143 208 184 74 110 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 R	2 V		3 S	4 M	5 P	6 R	7 C	8 H	9 D		10 T			
11 R	12 C		13 W	14 B	15 I		16 H	17 W	18 C	19 J	20 F		21 V	22 F	23 P	24 I	25 A			
	26 M	27 B	28 K	29 G	30 J	31 C	32 Q	33 I		34 G	35 E	36 A	37 X	38 C	39 Q	40 O				
41 R	42 Q		43 M	44 I	45 P	46 R	47 V	48 G	49 T	50 U		51 W	52 M		53 C	54 N	55 B			
56 G	57 L		58 I	59 D	60 W	61 Q	62 S		63 F	64 H	65 E	66 B	67 Q	68 K	69 U		70 X			
71 B	72 K	73 Q	74 Y		75 U	76 E	77 Q	78 P	79 L	80 F		81 E	82 H	83 W	84 I	85 L				
86 B	87 A	88 S	89 U	90 H	91 Y	92 L	93 T	94 I	95 D	96 P		97 S	98 V	99 E	100 M	101 X				
102 F	103 M	104 A	105 P	106 E		107 K	108 O	109 J	110 Y	111 A		112 F	113 V	114 A		115 K	116 H			
117 X	118 F		119 D	120 R		121 W	122 F	123 N		124 U	125 I	126 J		127 F	128 K	129 X	130 I			
131 A	132 O		133 G	134 Q	135 X	136 C	137 T		138 L	139 X	140 K	141 A		142 A	143 Y	144 P	145 H			
146 U	147 B	148 W	149 N	150 F		151 W	152 G	153 N	154 T		155 S		156 U	157 W	158 N	159 T	160 V			
161 O		162 I	163 B	164 K	165 N	166 U	167 M	168 C		169 N	170 D	171 T		172 V	173 K	174 Q	175 O			
	176 I	177 M	178 O	179 D	180 Y		181 B	182 U	183 G		184 Y	185 L	186 R		187 X	188 I	189 E			
	190 X	191 J	192 P	193 C		194 B	195 O	196 X	197 F		198 X	199 F		200 G	201 S	202 U	203 R			
204 J	205 D	206 T	207 Q		208 Y	209 O		210 W	211 V	212 G										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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The MGB man knows the whole idea behind sports car driving is that the man drives the car and not the other way around. That proper cornering and turning mean four wheels flat on the ground. That the best stops are clean and straight-line without swerves or lurch. Knowing all this means that he doesn't settle for a nice sports car when he could have a great one . . . the MGB.

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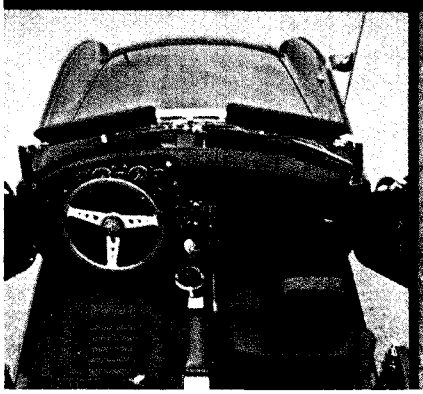
MGB

You see only so many MGB's. The kind of men who drive them are in short supply.



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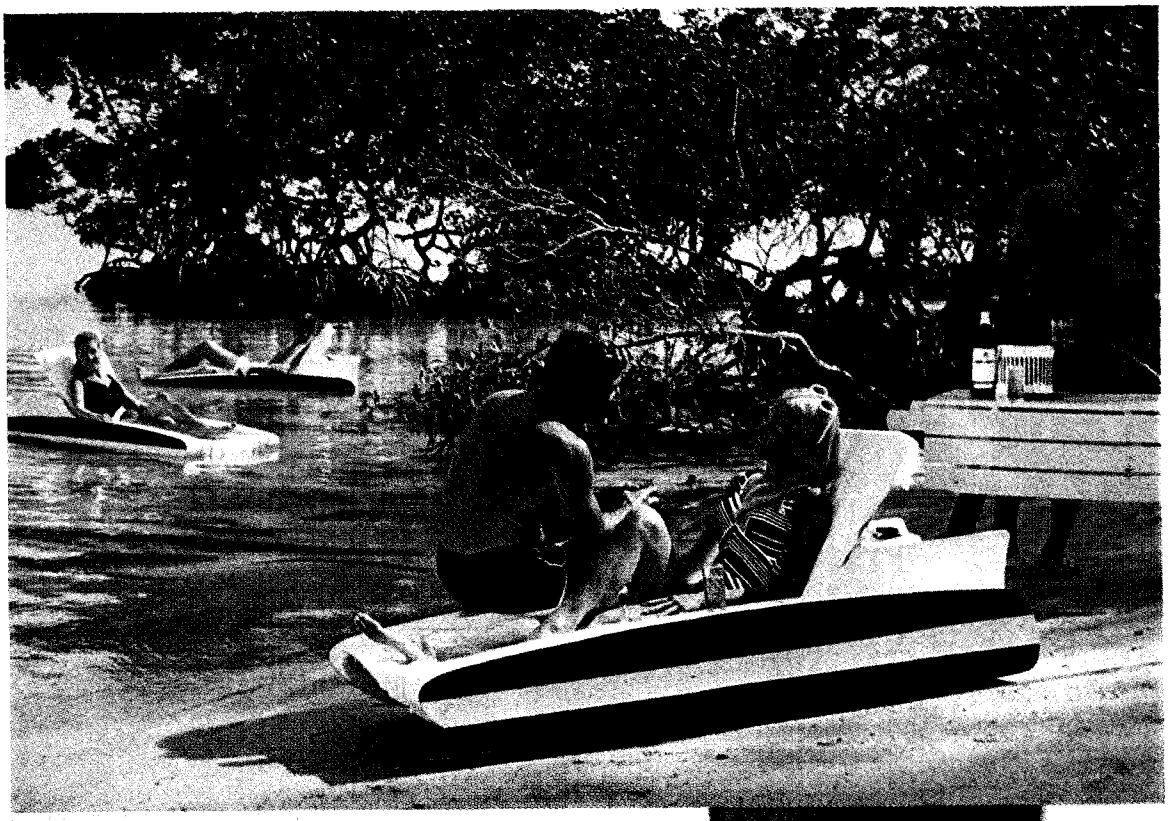
Scotch for people who know the difference.



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